

In Memoriam



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P R E F A C E .

THE votive offerings of a sincere affection at all times claim universal sympathy, awakening, as they do, in most bosoms one common sentiment, which recalls moments of existence holy and entrancing, although frequently and unfortunately of but too transient duration.

Impressed with these ideas, I am induced, though perhaps somewhat reluctantly, to disseminate amongst my dear friends the effusions of one long since passed away (a clever, generous, and warm-hearted man) whose lucubrations may perhaps impart to others some of the pleasure they formerly yielded to me.

Independently, however, of all personal feeling, I have been advised that the intrinsic merits of the poems deserve perpetuation, and hence I feel doubly supported in my apparent presumption.

But there is another and paramount feature which actuates me in connection with this little brochure, solely of a personal nature, for while it enables me to record the loving sentiments of the dead, it also affords me the opportunity of paying a just tribute to a noble-hearted Husband, who has not only sanctioned but frequently urged me to do justice to the merits of a deserving author, although myself the object which inspired his verses.

LOUISA A. THOMSON SCOTT.

GLENTULCHAN VILLA,

CARLYLE SQUARE, CHELSEA,

October 19th, 1875.

POEMS.

ACROSTIC.

LAMENT not that we're doomed to part, but banish all regret.
Oh, think not that thy golden sun hath now for ever set ;
Untiring still wait patiently, and view the glowing skies,
In blissful radiance welcome him, and summon him to rise :
So let us hope our mutual joys will drown each coming pain,
And greet our dawning *dreams of bliss*—those “*happy days*” again.

As flowers fading droop their heads and quickly pass away—
Not gone for ever, but again to bloom in sweet array,
Neglected not—joy's buds disclose their beauties to the sight.
Endeared by memory, quick we seize and press them with delight.

Farewell ! Oh, breathe that word no more—it racks my breast in
vain ;

Oh, grant we yet may meet upon this dreary earth again !
Secure in thought our secret lies, yet murmur not farewell—
That sound awakens bitter thoughts of former joys too well :
Each string vibrates, the chords are rent, my star of bliss hath set,
Roll years on years ! In vain—you *cannot teach me to forget !*

STANZAS.

Oh, do not look so sorrowful, but smile again as bright
As *first* thou sweetly greeted me, with fondness, with delight ;
Oh, let me see that flashing eye again its lightning send,
Like meteors, forth to cheer once more “*thy fond, thy faithful
friend.*”

I cannot look upon thy tears, for bitterly I feel
 The stifled pangs of inward grief my looks but ill conceal.
 Oh, turn thee not away from me, but let our sorrows blend,
 And share them with the heart that is "*thy fond, thy faithful friend.*"

Altho' my eyes are tearless, yet I feel within my breast
 The gushing streams of anguish, that bane to soothing rest.
 Even now my heart is beating, as it would its confines rend,
 That thou might read engraven there, "*thy fond, thy faithful friend.*"

The love for *thee* I dearly feel is spotless, and as pure
 A love that 'midst this changing world unsullied will endure—
 A fountain of intensity, that to each thought doth lend
 That hallowed lustre which surrounds "*thy fond, thy faithful friend.*"

I need not art, no souvenir, to bring *thee* to my mind ;
 Thy thoughts, thy feelings, and thy griefs with mine are fast
 entwined.
 But beats thy heart? Quick mine responds, if any thoughts offend,
 Oh, let the bosom share them of "*thy fond, thy faithful friend.*"

Yet gaze I oft upon those GEMS, which dearer art to me
 Than all the wealth of this frail world, if it came not from *THEE*.
 There is a charm encircles all that thou to me can send,
 That drowns each feeling in one sound, "*thy fond, thy faithful
 friend.*"

What we have felt *we only* know, our thoughts were those of youth,
 Our hearts, our eyes have fervently declared the silent truth—
 Our bosom is its sacred home ; there with it let me blend
 Those thoughts, those feelings which now warm "*thy fond, thy
 faithful friend.*"

Tho' years may pass ere we may meet in joy, in peace again,—
 Yet e'en surrounded by new scenes, the change will be in vain,—
 As fresh, as fervent will *thy name* exist until the end
 Of all things sweepeth from this earth "*thy fond, thy faithful friend.*"

LINES ADDRESSED TO "L. A. F." ON HER DEPARTURE
 FROM ASHFORD.

FARE THEE WELL ! The spell is broken.
 Must we then for ever part ?
 Would those words you ne'er had spoken
 Which now rend my aching heart.

Fare thee well ! 'Tis sweet when parting
 We feel it is to meet again ;
 But oh, for ever when departing
 All consolation is in vain.

Fare thee well ! Tho' with the morrow
 Brings another day of grief,
 Think but lightly of my sorrow,
 Hope not vainly for relief.

Fare thee well ! My faults, if any,
 Have been sweet ones *dear to me*,
 Mutual thoughts and dreams of many
 Happy days in store for thee.

Fare thee well ! One kiss, then never
 More my lips such bliss shall claim ;
 The waves our homes may widely sever,
 But never wash away *thy name*.

Fare thee well ! 'Twill soon be over ;
 Never shall my soul reveal,
 Ne'er on earth to one discover
 What for *thee* I deeply feel.

Fare thee well ! My soul for ever
 Clings to thee, not unforgiven ;
 We yet shall meet where none can sever
 Hearts that feel like ours—in heaven.

STANZAS.

How sweet the dreams of early youth
 Appear—how full of joy,
 When transient fancy seems but truth,
 Unspotted by alloy,
 When every heart around appears
 A temple of pure deeds,
 Till sorrow's gushing, burning tears
 But mock the heart that bleeds.

The fragrant summer's morning hours,
 Its songs, its glorious hues—
 Oh, life is then all rife with flowers
 Steep'd in joy's fragrant dews !
 The blue, ethereal high-arch'd sky,
 The palace' gorgeous fanes,
 The glowing rainbow tints that lie
 Like seas upon the plains.

Alas, they never shine again
 As once they met our gaze !
 The clouds which pensively remain
 Paint not those joyous days ;
 But vanishing, the visioned dress
 That veiled the hidden truth
 Now glows in Nature's loneliness—
 Not that of fancied youth.

The curtain's drawn, true life appears,
 No glittering joys are seen,
 And life's unquench'd, hot, gushing tears
 Lament youth's joys serene.
 Those days of sunny youth sublime
 Are changed ; the world now seems
 So *deeply changed*, in after time
 We wish such truths were *dreams*.

STANZAS.

Written while sojourning in the beautiful Vale of Keswick.

COULD we fly from this false world, and plunge in each joy
 That the sages hath sang of of old,
 In that heaven of sunshine, where scandal's alloy
 Cannot sully the name's purest gold :
 On the whirlwind we'd fly, and while borne on the gale
 One last look would we cast o'er the earth,
 And lament in departing that mortals so frail
 Should inhabit the land of OUR birth.

If our FAULTS hath been many,—oh, dearly I prize
 That SWEET FAULT which hath bound me to THEE,—
 Let the world still condemn. I its censure despise
 While alone it is levell'd at ME.
 Oh, then turn that pure face from this earth's blackest dye,
 Let our souls in true friendship unite !
 I care not for the world while that truth-beaming eye
 Sweetly smiles thro' its tears with delight.

Here while hearts warm and young, in this vast changing scene,
 Are surrounded with sorrow and care,
 And the sweet blooming roses of joy intervene
 As a jewel most precious and rare,
 Uninspected the rose-buds hath too often proved,
 When the leaves from their stem hath been torn,
 That the emblem of those whom the WORLD call beloved
 Is too oft but a desolate thorn.

Fast entwined round each joy clings the heart's silent grief,
 Which not Friendship's SWEET CARE can allay.
 Who can yield to a mind that's distracted relief,
 Who can wash its deep sorrow away ?
 None. In silence it pierces, in secret it dwells,
 While each sense feels the weight of the chain,
 That within the dimmed orb of the eye deeply tells
 How the bosom is rending with pain.

Like a vision that's past are the scenes of that joy,
 Which alone can our mem'ry retrace ;
 The SWEET THOUGHTS of our HAPPY DAYS NONE can destroy,
 None but death the remembrance efface.
 As the flowers that grow o'er dear Friendship's cold tomb
 Spread their beauties and fragrance around,
 So may each bud of happiness silently bloom
 In THAT SPOT* where true comfort is found.

But in vain, dearest girl, must we seek for a home
 Where true happiness dwells in its pride ;
 Far, far from this earth must we silently roam—
 SUCH a home upon earth is denied.
 Oh, then grieve not that Sorrow's broad pennant's unfurl'd
 O'er our heads ; let us sweeten our days
 With the THOUGHTS of the PAST, and forget that FALSE WORLD
 Where the voice of its censure is PRAISE.

STANZAS.

I STILL remember every joy as if but yesterday
 We revelled in that happiness which now hath pass'd away :
 Each word, each glance exists in thought, as THOU wert present
 yet—

Those dear enchanting moonlit walks I NEVER CAN FORGET !

Oh, do not think that I regret those joys now passed and gone ;
 Ah, no ; they soothe my dreary hours when I am sad alone ;
 And should my mem'ry chance to fail, now that our bliss is o'er,
 One glance at thy SWEET SOUVENIRS will each past thought
 restore.

By day my thoughts are still on THEE, and tho' perchance a sigh
 May 'scape me, or a lingering tear still glisten in my eye,
 Oh, do not think it's sorrow, love ; for dearly do I prize
 Each pang, each joy that brings THEE like a vision to mine eyes.

When sleep hath lulled me in its arms, and all is hushed in night,
 Amidst my dreams THY FORM I SEE with rapture, with delight ;
 I hear the music of thy voice, behold thy lightning glance,
 And vainly wish ne'er to awake from slumber's blissful trance.

The breast can FEEL, the LIPS express, the eye can SILENT tell
 Those inmost throbbings of the heart we both have felt too well ;
 And though the *world* may still CONDEMN, and censure loud
 each joy,
 Oh, care not for that world, my love, that would our bliss
 destroy.

Within the confines of the heart there let our secret dwell,
 Securely interwoven with our souls' enchanting spell :
THERE none can KNOW our pangs and joys—*that feeling* is our
 own ;
 And nought can wash away the thought of THEE but *death*
 ALONE !

STANZAS.

THE chain that bound thee to a choice
 Unsought by *thee* at length is broken ;
 And this sad heart can now rejoice,
 And bless the words that thou hast spoken.

Cold must that heart be that can know
 Its other self by fate is blighted,
 And cannot feel that bitter woe—
 The mutual pang of souls united.

Oh, could *you feel how much* I've felt,
 The anguish that must rend for ever,
 The bosom that in tears doth melt,
 And wish for death its griefs to sever.

Then would *you prove* that friendship's ties
 Are strengthen'd by their souls' affliction,
 While to each hope the heart denies
 To register its malediction.

As Nature's face more bright appears
 When storms that raged with desolation
 Have ceased, and clouds have rained their tears.
 And roused the slumb'ring vegetation ;

So glows my bosom with delight
 To view the happy scene before me,
 And burns with rapture pure and bright
To spread the veil of comfort o'er thee.

I feel as if each earthly joy
 Had now returned to glad my sorrow,
 And banish all that can destroy
 The happy dawning "gay to-morrow."

Oh, well I feel as if the thought
 Of thy decision had elated
 My drooping spirits, dearly taught
 How much with woe are joys dilated.

Then tell me, truly, canst thou feel
 One slight regret from ONE to sever ?
 Can I believe thou canst conceal
 The joy that brings *thee peace for ever ?*

My heart, thou knowest, tho' but weak,
 Feels its proud triumph in believing,
 That could THINE in soft accents speak,
 T'would prompt reply without deceiving.

Unchanged by Time, with vigour strong,
 My soul still clings to thee sincerely ;
 And doubt not that thy name, as long
 As life endureth, I'll treasure dearly.

Oh, be thou happy !—now thou'st free
 In peace each promise be forgiven ;
 And may each day bring joy to *thee*,
 And make this Earth FOR THEE A HEAVEN !

STANZAS.

ART thou happy, dear girl? Let me hear the blest word,
 In the rapture of friendship say yes !
 Oh, believe me, the heart that has truly adored
 Does not love thee, revere thee the less !
 As the sun sets in brightness, again to illume
 The frail earth with the next coming day,
 So may joys quick surround thee and set in life's gloom,
 But to shine in still prouder array !

Let me hear thou art happy—oh, teach me to feel
 That the reign of thy sorrows is past !
 Tho' the face may be gay, yet the breast can conceal
 Its deep sorrow, in vain, to the last.
 Oh, my heart beats elated with hope and with fear,
 While it clings in true friendship to THEE,
 And exults in the pride of its feelings sincere,
 That, dear girl, thou art happy and free !

Oh, the moments have lingered in silence and tears,
 And my breast hath been throbbing with grief,
 With the undying pang that thy sorrowful years
 Hath in vain sought on earth for relief.
 But the thought THOU ART HAPPY hath banished each pain,
 My bosom's expanding with joy,
 Oh, grant "may the storms of this world ne'er again
 Thy sweet sunshine of pleasure destroy."

Oh, then say thou art happy ! Dear girl, let me hear
 That thy moments are tranquilly bright ;
 Oh, give peace to my bosom, and banish the tear
 That still mocks the sweet smile of delight !
 Oh, I have not grieved lightly—in silence alone
 Do I mourn for those *moments we've past* ;
 And believe me sincere—tho' the OBJECT is gone,
 Yet the IMAGE endures to the LAST.

STANZAS.

Friendship's Birthday Offering.

HAIL to THEE, dearest, on THY NATAL DAY !
 Oh, may thy fortunes, cheering as the sun,
 Preside around thee with true gentle sway,
 And chain those joys thy sorrows dearly won.
 Let not thy bosom be oppressed by fears
 Of hope, of anguish, but with sweet control
 May coming pleasures dry thy falling tears,
 And bathe in happiness thy "GENEROUS SOUL."

May every tender hope thy virtues prove,
 As everlasting as the heaven's light,
 For THEE the wreath of Friendship twine with love,
 And spread around thee truth and soft delight.
 Oh, be no more in thought or word opprest ;
 But let thy bosom throb in silent peace,
 With joys succeeding joys be ever blest,
 And health and happiness for THEE increase.

STANZAS,

"*L'amitie est l'amour sans ailes.*"—BYRON.

IT is not when the heart alone
 Throbs in its bower of truth,
 When those dear hopes are past and gone
 That glowed 'midst scenes of youth ;
 It is not that the face seems gay
 While joyous throngs are there ;
 It is when hope is cast away
 The soul first knows despair.

Lost in the crowd of flatterers vile,
 Who value not the name
 Of everlasting Friendship while
 The victim wears the same,

The heart that feels it loves sincere
Still gazes with delight,
And thinks that they who mingle there
Are spotless, pure, and bright.

Assailed by those whom fashion's gems
Alone carve out their way,
Who laugh when fearless truth condemns,
And still assert their sway,
Lost to those feelings that can rend
The heart that knows not wrong,
They brave their errors and offend
By mixing in the throng.

Unsullied Innocence ! when first
Thy steps lead forth the ball,
And ruthless Envy does her worst
To triumph o'er thy fall,
How sad thy fate, if not unmoved
Thou list'neth to the voice
That faithless flatters when beloved
To make thy heart rejoice.

Oh, fly such scenes which but condemn,
Where falsehood reigns alone,
And seek for FRIENDSHIP'S altar—then
Secure, bow to its throne ;
For when the faithful heart is riven
By false vows to ADORE,
Tho' that deep wound may be forgiven
It cannot PEACE restore.

In silent grief it wastes away,
Still cherishing each token
That tells of other scenes, once gay,
Until the heart is broken.
Fast fades the fire that lit that eye
Now weeping for that lover,
Who, FAITHLESS, leaves thee but to die,
One pang, and all is over !

LOVE'S OFFERING.

THIS tribute, dearest girl, is thine,
 An off'ring tender'd most sincerely :
 The incense of a love divine,
 A heart that loves, that *loves thee dearly*.

As steady glows the flame of love
 When truth and mind combine, then never
 Can time destroy their faith above,
 On earth—ah no, they love for ever !

Oh, could I dwell on every glance
 An age, to mark its vain concealing
 Those joys that lull me in love's trance,
 A love those eyes are yet revealing !

May every happiness be thine !
 May health's soft zephyrs round thee sighing
 Increase thy joys on earth divine,
Thy bliss, thy faith, thy love undying !

STANZAS.

How oft the heart, aroused by fond desires,
 In vain adopts, adores an idle theme ;
 The breast awaken'd, each new thought inspires,
 And bids the fancy revel in its dream.
 Give me the lone retreat, the shady grove,
 That boasts such golden deathless gems (to me),
 There let me muse on truth, on sincere love ;
 Need I, Louisa, tell *my wish to thee* ?

When the bright sun with radiance gilds the west,
 And the sweet songsters' low and plaintive strain
 Awakens thoughts and feelings in the breast,
 And bids the soul its sadd'ning griefs restrain,
 Still memory, with anxious care design'd,
 Will bring before us visions bold and free,
 That sheds its lustre o'er our anxious mind ;
 Need I, Louisa, tell *my wish to thee* ?

Were truth but follow'd, man would then be good ;
 Where truth endures, there man is ever blest ;
 No generous impulse of the soul subdued,
 For love supremely reigns within the breast.
 I've felt the magic of a beaming eye,
 I've seen the charms of beauty's rich degree,
 The *lov'd one's name* inspired the secret sigh ;
 Need I, Louisa, tell *my wish to thee* ?

One wish alone remained—that I might find
 Amidst the world of discord, care, and strife
 Some kindred spirit, with its generous mind,
 To cheer my wand'rings thro' this dreary life.
 Kind heaven but *heard* to *grant* my fervent prayer—
 That soul I've found, noble and true is she !
 My *heart* sprang eager to enfold the fair ;
 Need I, Louisa, tell *my wish to thee* ?

STANZAS.

BELIEVE me, when first *we* TWO met and *first lov'd*,
 Thou wert not so endear'd as at present thou art ;
 Tho' thy first glance my bosom and senses then moved,
 It is *now* that thy *virtues encircle* my *heart*.
 What alone was the sigh of pure Friendship before
 Has since changed its complexion to pure reason's vow ;
 Though I then might have seemed but to love *thee* the more,
 Oh, believe me, *I LOVE THEE*, my dear, *better now* !

Though my eyes might have told what my tongue would not tell,
 And my soul burnt with rapture, with fervour for *THEE*,
 Yet our lips ill disguised the soft slumbering spell—
 From its *power* how *vain* was it, *dearest*, to *flee* :
 That which throb'd in my bosom, that glow'd in each vein,
 And in silence thy image with love did endow ;
 Though I watch'd thee in gladness, in sickness, and pain,
 Oh, believe me, *I love thee*, my dear, *better now*.

Though my heart in the warmth of its earlier youth
 Might perchance glow with fierce, uncontroll'd, wild desire,
 Believe me, my dear, it has since gained in *truth*
 Much more than it ever has yet lost in *fire*.
 'The flame that enshrouds my warm heart's inmost core,
 That but then only sparkled to light up my brow,
 Though I then seemed, perhaps, but to love thee the more,
 Oh, believe me, I LOVE THEE, my dear, BETTER NOW !

STANZAS.

DEAR LOUISA, thou art happy ! I have seen the sweet truth
 Playing joyfully in thy bright eyes,
 'Midst the beams of delight and the fervour of youth
 Which encircle the sweet gem *I prize !*
 No more shalt thy bosom with sorrow be rent,
 Thy soft eye e'en be dimm'd by a tear ;
No, dear girl ! thou shalt revel in blissful content,
 Still increasing with each coming year.

I have watch'd thee in sorrow, have seen thee in pain,
 When my bosom was bursting with grief ;
 May the woes of the past *never* cross *thee* again,
 And thy anguish press lightly and brief.
 Those sweet eyes, dearest, beam as they ever should beam,
 While love joyfully plays in each glance ;
 And the gems of thy mind, like a fairy-bound stream,
 Flow around me in love's blissful trance.

I have treasured the pledge of *our Friendship* sincere,
 When we wander'd in Nature's gay spot,*
 Where thine eyes softly bid me, while gently the tear
 Stole from forth them, oh, "FORGET ME NOT !"
 Ah, believe me, in vain could this stern world subdue
 The affection I've treasured for *thee*.
 It is steady, undying, warm, fervent and *true*,
 I would not for the world, love, be free.

* " Poor little Ashford."

Bless you, dearest ! And when to my care thou'rt resign'd,
 To my solace and charge, ne'er to part,
 I will graft thee for ever where now thou'rt entwined,
 Firmly round thine own casket—*my heart*.
 There beloved and believing, in sorrow or bliss,
 Still unchanging, I'll 'tend thee with joy,
 And will seal my fond love on *thy lips* with a kiss,
 That fond love "*Time*" can never destroy !

STANZAS.

DEAR LOUISA, believe me, the passion I feel
 For thy worthiness, love, it is vain
 To describe its deep burning, or silent reveal
 Its transition to bliss, from its pain.
 Like the light beaming steady, intensely, and bright,
 That conducts the lost barque to the shore,
 So *thine image* appears, and inspires delight
 In declaring my perils are o'er.

When thy head on my bosom in peace doth recline,
 And thy breast, dearest, heaves with its joy ;
 With true love I then clasp thee—*I feel thou art mine*,
 With a pureness no pow'r can destroy.
 When in sadness and silence thou softly complain,
 And thy face is dejected with grief,
 How I wish I could *rob thee* of every pain,
 And administer soothing relief.

Oft I've watched thee in silence, have marked thy dim eye,
 Have with sorrow beheld thee oppress ;
 And in vain strove to check the heart-bursting deep sigh
 That hath rent the confines of my breast ;
 But no longer in sadness my bosom o'erflows
 With its joy, that thou'rt happy, my dear :
 And each wish of my heart, 'midst its tumultuous throes,
 Is for THEE, love—*my OWN love* sincere.

As a star that illumines the darkness of night
 When the world sinks in silence to rest,
 'Midst the gloom that o'erspreads the wide world sheds a light
 That alone cheers the wanderer's breast :
 So *I feel, love*, awakened from sadness and woe,
 Ne'er to feel its rude pressure again,
 And the *heart* that *is thine* beats with rapture to know
Thou art happy and free from all pain !

STANZAS.

AH ! say not, dearest, that we feel
 The throes of love too keen,
 Or that *our eyes too oft reveal*
 The feelings that have been.
 Oh, deem me not in thought unkind
 To raise love's glowing fire—
 Believe me, Louie, 'twas design'd
 To cherish sweet desire.

While gazing on thy speaking eye,
 'Midst passion's thrilling glow,
 Or kiss thy lips of coral dye,
 Or thy soft breast of snow,
 Think not that I can feel unmov'd
 The glowings of the breast,
 That, panting, yields to its belov'd
 In love's sweet transports blest.

'Though tears from thy dark eyes may steal,
 And raise my idle fears,
 They flow with joy they vain conceal,
 And vent their bliss in tears.
 How sweet to kiss thy moistening eyes,
 To press *thee* in my arms,
 To check with love's warm kiss the sighs
 That deck thy peerless charms !

How sweet to mark each tress of jet
 Disporting in the wind,
 To read each glance (ne'er to forget),
 And search thy *well-stored mind* !
 How sweet when love our souls unite
 With passion's sacred glow,
 While kiss on kiss yields such delight,
 Pure as thy neck of snow !

Too oft when love hath fired my heart
 With thy undying charms,
 He bids me from my *life* depart
 And quit thy circling arms !
 As when with rapture I repeat
 The oft-told tale of bliss,
 I've check'd thy bosom's murm'ring sweet
 With a life-teeming kiss !

But soon thou'lt share each joy and pain
 With me for evermore,
 The last sweet link that forms the chain
 Will soon be past and o'er.
 What rapture then to feel thou'rt mine,
 To clasp thee with love's fire,
 While passion charms our breasts divine,
 'Till both *in bliss expire* !

 STANZAS.

THINK not, *love*, I could DECEIVE THEE,
 Though the *world* would tell you so ;
 NO ! my Louie, still BELIEVE ME,
 Life could ne'er sustain the blow.
 Ah, blame ME for my *fond concealing*
Sorrows from thy gentle breast,
 'Twas *love* that bound me from revealing
 All my griefs to BLIGHT THY REST.

Though the *world* may *harshly* blame me,
 And condemn my heart's deep woe,
Its censure never can inflame me
 While *love's fountains* round me flow.
 While my soul with love is firing,
 And my tears in anguish steal,
Hope my sinking frame's inspiring,
 And checks the pangs I keenly feel.

Joy's bright sun is silent setting,
 All around is dark and cold,
 FRIENDS, past favours soon forgetting,
 As their hearts glow proud and bold.
 Though our bliss as yet hath vanished
 By the malice of FALSE FRIENDS,
 Still nor *love* nor *hope* is banished,
 But in *purser union blends*.

Hearts may for a time be parted
 From their only hope below,
 Bosoms rent and broken-hearted
 Bend beneath the storm of woe ;
 But TRUE LOVE no hand *can* sever,
 Not e'en envy's blightful breath ;
 Still as pure and fond as ever
 My heart loves FAITHFUL ON TO DEATH !

STANZAS.

ERE yet my soul is plunged in sorrow's stream,
 Whose current flows unceasing in its tide ;
 Ere life's expiring fire hath dimmed the beam
 Of soothing hope, to welcome *thee*, MY BRIDE ;
 Ere darkness comes upon my drooping soul,
 Since cruel Fate decrees we now must part ;
 Ere yet my bosom pants beyond control,
 Ah, let me ease the *anguish* of *my heart* !

Who hath not loved?—who ne'er hath felt the sting
 Of blighted hopes, in life's dark fleeting scene,
 When every earthly bliss hath taken wing,
 And fled our bosoms, as it ne'er had been ?
 Who hath *not* TRULY LOVED, as *we* LOVE STILL,
 Can never feel the bitter stings of woe,
 That through our bosoms quivering, deathlike thrill,
 And wrecks our happiness at *one fell blow*.

My heart is THINE, was ever, and is *still*—
 Is *faithful* as the needle to the pole ;
 My breaking heart bows to the *Divine Will*,
 While grief vibrates throughout my trembling soul.
 I've loved thee *dearly*, loved as *few* CAN LOVE ;
 My heart-strings cling around the sacred tie
 That cheers my wearied soul, to spotless prove
 The fond attachment breathed in ev'ry sigh.

Vain are our hopes on earth of lasting joys :
 The *Phantom* dimly through the darkness gleams,
 One blast from *man* its pois'nous breath destroys,
 And wakes us from life's wild and happy dream.
 No more will smiles light up my clouded brow,
 No more the fire of joy beam from my eye ;
 My soul is dark, and naught is left but now
Heart-broken, desolate, ALONE, to die !

There is *one* thought still ling'ring round my heart,
 No power can reach, none yield it joy nor peace :
 It bursts the fond illusion—*must we part ?*
 Must *every* tie of *sweet communion* cease ?
 Oh, *Heaven, be merciful !* to us extend
 THY bounteous gifts from THY bright throne above !
 Oh, spare the hearts affliction's ruthless rend,
 And part us *not, who dearly, truly love !*

Oh *God !* 'tis dreadful ! *No*, we cannot part,
 Our breasts are riven with one gasping breath.
 Tear us asunder *not !* Be calm, my heart,
 We *cannot part for ever* but in DEATH !

My pulse is quick'ning, and that once bright eye
 That read the love in THINE is dim and set ;
 In vain from scene to scene I trembling fly,
Thy love on earth I NEVER CAN FORGET !

My *life*, my *soul*, ah, still believe *me true*,
 Though millions rise to blast my dreams of bliss,
 Yet I do *love thee* 'midst life's changing hue—
 Oh, think not *villainy can LOVE like THIS*.
 The *vows*, the *tears* which speak a world of love,
 That in each glance each tender thought revealed,
 The anxious care, the trembling lips, ALL PROVE
 That fervent truth my soul hath *ne'er concealed*.

From anxious cares of love by fate bereft,
 I wander on this earth, lost and alone,
 No light to cheer my darkness is there left,
 None beams for me on whom joy's stars once shone.
 Hope on, *hope ever*, though the world may spurn
 My follies, and no ray of truth *will see*,
 Await *that hour* which glads my bright return.
 And brings me back to LOVE, to LIFE, to THEE !

If we must part ere yet our fond hearts cease
 To beat with love intensely and sincere ;
 Let *Faith* and *Hope* bathe our sad souls in peace,
 And make each to the other still more dear.
 If we must part, oh, spare our breasts the pain
 That parting flings upon our setting sun ;
 Oh, give us strength, oh, *Lord*, to *snap the chain*,
 And meekly whisper, *Heaven, THY will be done !*

When we are severed, tears shall be the seal
 That renders life and love on earth but naught ;
 Our panting bosoms truth and love reveal,
 And consummates the lesson dearly taught,
 That joy on earth is but a wanton dream,
 Bound to the heart by no enduring tie ;
 Adieu, my soul is issuing in life's stream,
 And my rent heart is gushing from each sigh.

But still there is a *sacred hallowed tie*
 That binds me to this world of rankling woe ;
 It starts the tear from that once laughing eye,
 And bends my soul beneath the fatal blow.
 Be calm, my bosom, "*all may yet be well,*"
 And joy be shed around my heart once more ;
 My feelings writhe beneath the sadd'ning spell,
 And mourns the bliss our bursting hearts deplore.

Talk not of peace if from my breast is torn
 The blissful converse of its only joy ;
 Awake, my soul, though wretched and forlorn,
 And crush the venom that would hope destroy.
 Our hearts still cling in firm, unswerving truth
 Around our loves, though hapless is our fate,
 To love with all the fervency of youth,
 With that intensity *hope's dreams create.*

Oh, part us not, let not this sad life close
 In darkness o'er us, like the withering tree
 By lightnings blighted ; say not that our woes
Alone can end in life's eternity !
 If yet on earth fate dooms us ne'er to meet,
 To clasp each other in our glowing arms,
 It cannot rob us of that solace sweet
 That death inspires with his sable charms.

Be calm, my dearest, let us be resigned
 To the sad trials of life's dark career ;
 Seek that communion with thy spotless mind
 That can alone *thy guiltless bosom* cheer.
 For me—still onward is my beaten track,
 All lies *before me*, on *me* rests alone
 The task to bring thy loving "*truant*" back
 To spotless truth, and claim *THEE for HIS OWN.*

Farewell ! In that sad word my bosom feels
 Bereft of *all* that here can cheer my way ;
 My dreary bosom its deep grief reveals,
 And turns to nigh the hue of each bright day.

Farewell ! The world lies wide before me, yet
 I turn my swollen and despairing eyes
 To that *dear spot* my soul can ne'er forget,
 'The casket of that gem *I dearly prize*.

Farewell ! But oh, be calm amidst thy woes ;
My heart is thine, though sad is the return
 ' My soul hath rendered *thee* ; with love it glows,
 A LOVE the world would bid thee harshly spurn.
 I have not sinn'd in one dear thought of love,
My very soul *THY dear soul* did espouse ;
 My every hope, my bliss had been to prove
 The hallowed purity of my fond vows.

Farewell, until again we trembling meet,
 When nought shall part us on this earth below.
 Farewell ! Let us in our sad hearts' retreat
 By resignation soothe each bitter woe.
 Farewell, my love, my soul is ever thine,
 Though years should roll between that happy day
 That seals thy happiness, thy joy and mine,
By love's dear tie, unknown to slow decay.

Farewell, oh, dearest ! When thou art alone
 Think kindly on that ONE who once was gay
 And light as summer's flowers—all hath flown,
 And thorns and briars strew my dreary way.
 Farewell ! Alas, I scarce can breathe farewell—
 It stays yet lingering on my fevered tongue,
 It strikes upon my heart the solemn knell
 That snaps the chords my sorrows but unstrung.

Farewell, again farewell ! My eyes are dim,
 I go I scarce know whither, yet firm still,
 Let ev'ry hope of peace repose in HIM
 Who bends and forms his creatures to HIS will !
 Farewell, a long, a last, a sad farewell ;
 My soul's expiring in each bursting sigh ;
 My cup is full, and deep I feel the spell
 That breaks my heart, and leaves me *now to die*.

STANZAS.

AH, deem me not thoughtless, that *lightly* I prize
 The fond love that now warms thy sad breast ;
 Do not think that I heed not those dark streaming eyes,
 Which in gazing on mine were once blest.

Ah, deem me not reckless, that *lightly* I've strove
 To requite thy attachment so pure :
 No, by Heaven ! I vow that I *still* dearly love
 With a faith that will ever endure.

The test of our love on this earth e'er should be
 Its unchanging, its undying hue.
 Ah, believe me sincerely—I fondly *love* THEE
 With my soul, ever fervent and true.

If my heart hath forgotten to whisper each thought
 That was thine, ever thine, love, alone,
 It was those which with sorrow and anguish were fraught
 That I silently claimed as my own.

I have mix'd in the throngs that encircle the world,
 When each bosom was warm, young, and gay ;
 I have parried the shafts that were randomly hurl'd
 At a heart sinking now to decay ;

I have wandered 'midst dreams of illusive delight ;
 I have sighed o'er life's follies in vain ;
 I have welcomed the smiles of the pure and the bright,
 And have soothed them in anguish, in pain ;

I have gazed on the faces whose eyes clearly told
 That the world was to them *all* their care ;
 I have watch'd the sad heart, drooping, breaking, and cold,
 In despondency sink in despair ;

But amidst all these objects, unfixed in *their* truth,
 ONE *bright star* beamed in *truth* from among
 The galaxy of life's fleeting beauty and youth,
 Which revolved in the world's idle throng.

As a planet shines gaily when, moonless, the night
 Is lit up with the bright stars alone,
 So I viewed THY PURE *worth* with an anxious delight.
 While my heart whispered— "THOU WERT MY OWN!"

Like a streamlet unruffled, in smooth plaintive flow,
 Thy sweet soul twined in love around mine;
 My fond heart met its rapture in one vital glow,
 And vow'd its fond truth *ever thine*.

I have loved *thee* in *bliss*, I still love *thee* in *woe*,
 And yet hope by the future to prove,
 'That my heart in its beating can ne'er cease to glow
 For the DEAR ONE I *still* truly LOVE.

Ah, then, deem not I wantonly sport, as the wind
 Ruffles each trembling leaf on the tree,
 For, oh, it would crush me, could thy spotless mind
 ONCE *believe* that I HAVE DECEIV'D THEE!

STANZAS.

THERE is a *voice* that glads my heart,
 I once was wont to hear,
 That sweetly steals like music
 O'er the rippling waters clear:
 It dwells upon each vivid thought,
 As if to *me* were given
 The sweet seraphic glowing strains
 That swell the choir of Heaven.

It charms each feeling with true bliss,
 And chains me with a spell,
 Like elfin echoes ringing
 Through the thickly-shaded dell;
 It bids my heart shed forth its joy,
 As though it dwelt above,
 When my dark soul is greeted
 With THAT *voice* I DEARLY *love*!

In peace or woe, in health or pain,
 It charms still yet the same ;
 And memory fondly lingers
 O'er *that* talismanic name :
 Each pulse responds the glowing tones,
 As from the mountain bounds
 Its stirring echoes, mocking earth
 And air in joyous sounds.
 Yet while the cherish'd thoughts of youth
 Still reign within my breast,
 And many a *treasured souvenir*
 Far prized above the rest
 Inhabits each retreat of hope,
 Not one my griefs can soothe ;
 While *lost to me*, on *earth*, I mourn
 That VOICE I DEARLY LOVE !
 As doves their offspring kindly rear,
 Secure from winds that perish ;
 So fondly nestles round my heart
 The LOVE I DEARLY *cherish*.
 Its magic power destroys each sense ;
 Fate weaves *that potent* chain—
 ONCE SNAPPED can never bring me back
 To *peace* or *joy again* !
 And when into the vale of years
 I tranquilly decline,
 And life and hope for me on earth
 No longer shall be mine,
Kind Heaven, grant my last fond wish ;
 Let thy great gifts approve,
 And soothe my fleeting moments
 With *THAT* VOICE I DEARLY LOVE !

STANZAS.

THOUGH the star of our hopes appears set,
 And our wishes are thwarted by fate,
 'Midst our grief let *us never forget*
 That the rudest of storms *must abate*.

Whilst the world brightly sparkles around
 The dark hopes which encircle the heart,
 Yet IN HEAVEN a balm will be found
 That alone can true comfort impart.

Disappointed ! Each hope faintly gleams
 As the sun shines when mists thread the air ;
 Yet ONE STAR 'midst the gloom brightly beams,
 And bids us *not sink* in despair.
 As the night closes o'er each bright day,
 To dissolve in the glittering morn,
 So gay hopes round our hearts warmly play,
 And dispel our dark sorrows forlorn.

Oh, Love! thou sweet source of *our joys*,
 From whence springs alike bliss and woe—
 Thy spell cheers and excites, then *destroys*
 Those soft dreams *they* who *love only know*.
 Fount of peace, spring of each silent grief,
 Let me wildly thy famed waters drink !
 Sweet Hope, bring our bosoms relief—
 For the curse of our race is, "*to think !*"

In thy smiles what vast myriads of thought
 Flash, like meteors, through each ravaged breast,
 'Till thy vot'ries too dearly are taught
 None on earth can be thoroughly blest.
 Oh, *thy course never yet did "run smooth,"*
 But with care fires each swelling vein ;
 And our patience in vain seeks to soothe
 The sad heart wildly throbbing in pain.

Though the sky of our hopes, *love*, is dim,
 And the storms of this life make it night,
 Still, let *every trust* be in HIM,
 Who is *merciful, spotless, and bright !*
 Do not think *thou'rt deserted* by GOD,
 Who bestows HIS *pure gifts on us* still.
 No ; in peace let us bow 'neath HIS rod,
 And *humbly* submit to HIS will !

It is not the fond vow breathed when love
 Sheds its charms, fervent-glowing, anew,
 That the breast its affection can prove,
 Or its *passion devoted and true* ;
 It is *truth*, love, *alone*, that can test
 The attachment that binds THEE MOST DEAR—
 That inspires the fond throbbing breast
 With a rapture, *still glowing sincere*.

Though the smile gladly greets THEE the same,
Yet, as ever, 'midst pleasure and pain,
 Still the *soul* may not feel the soft flame,
 Without which the heart glows but in vain.
 Though the eyes flash amidst their sad tears,
 As to stay them they've too feebly strove,
 Though it waken our slumbering fears,
 'Tis the SOUL bids the *heart truly love*.

Ah, believe me, it is not the sighs
 Which the bosom in soft struggling breathes ;
 Or the smiles our warm hearts dearly prize,
 That the lips of the other enwreathes ;
 Or the solemn and deep mournful tone
 Of sad music that falls on the heart :—
 No ; the test is THAT ANGUISH *alone*,
 When, HEART-BROKEN, *fate* dooms US TO PART.

The *soul of true love* ne'er can feel,
 In the depth of its sadness, that woe
 Which the thoughtless too well can conceal,
 And evade the all-powerful blow.
Who can love—who can lay to their hearts
 The deep unction of flattering peace,
 While the breast, lacerated, still smarts
 From the *wound* that to pain *ne'er can cease* ?

We may dwell on the *present* and *past*,
 We may hope the bright *future* may bring
 Us back happiness—when life is cast,
 And the die can no more of peace sing.

Oh, 'tis wretched to feel the deep pangs
 'That still torture the bosom that loves !
 Envy grasps us with its sordid fangs,
 And caprice with rude terror reproves.

While the soul, in its unsullied truth,
 Knows no pang yet to cause it to grieve—
 At one blow all the dreams of our youth
 Flit away, beaming but to deceive.
 In an instant our happiness flies,
 Overcast by the *world's* chilling blight ;
 While our griefs teach us but to despise
 The *false* dreams of the world's *false* delights.

But TRUTH, *love*, that pure sterling gem,
 Cherish'd fondly within the warm heart,
 Will affliction's rude tide firmly stem,
 And a strength to our weakness impart.
 When the bloom of our youth it hath past,
Truth its richest hues scatter around,
 With a joy that for ever will last,
 Which in *constancy only* is found.

If 'twould bring ME once more *back* to joy,
 To *forget* the *fond* ONE I adore,
 Let the vengeance of *Heaven* destroy
 ME ere that I should *love thee* NO MORE !
 Let the arrow now tort'ring my breast
Wither there in the wound it has made ;
 Let *my soul* sink in *death*, be oppress'd,
 And each hope slumber darkly in shade !

I would *not* for the grief I have borne,
Not for worlds would I wish to be *free* ;
 Though my *heart* from its bosom be *torn*,
 Still *I'll love, dearly*, EVER LOVE THEE !
 If stern fate should decree we must part,
 While the hot tears gush forth from my eye,
 Let me welcome *my sad breaking heart*,
 BLESS THY NAME, *breathe a prayer, and then die.*

'Midst our griefs 'tis a source of pure pride,
 Sweetly blended with bliss, now to feel
 That *our faith* hath to us *not* denied
 Those pure blessings *our bosoms* reveal.
 Oh, may love, hope, fidelity, truth,
 Be the stars of our hopes ere divine,
 And the gay smiling visions of youth
 Will *again* through *our sad bosoms* shine.

Oh, believe me, I bitterly feel
Thy dark sorrows, thy griefs, and thy woes ;
 Love's deep sighs warmly gushing reveal
 My rent heart's wild and agonized throes.
 Oh, refuse not forgiveness on earth,
 Lest I mourn my existence so rife
 With deep anguish, and wish that my *birth*
 Had become my *last* moment of *life*.

Turn which way as we will our sad eyes
 To the scenes that once charmed in our youth,
 All of earth that *last soul* must despise
 Which alone can *delight not* in truth.
 Storms may ruffle the peace of the mind,
 Grief may darken the hopes of our joy,
 But in *Heaven* our sorrows will find
 A pure balm *nought can ever* destroy.

There is ONE who rules *supreme above*,
 From WHOM springs the *divine font* of *peace*,
 WHO alone soothes the *troubles* of *love*,
 And bids our afflictions here cease.
 Fear our woes and our sorrows, love, not,
 Some dear links of the chain YET remain,
 Interwoven with *love's* sacred *knot*
 That will *banish* each deep bitter pain.

Do not *doubt one fond vow, one dear word*
 I have breathed in *thy* listening *ear*,
 Oh, forgive me wherein I have err'd,
 For, believe me, I LOVE THEE MOST DEAR !

It would break my poor heart could'st *thou think*
 I'd *deceive thee* by *vows* of *false love*;
 My rent soul in its terror would shrink
 From the vengeance of HEAVEN *above*!

If my faults have been many TO THEE,
Not ONE ever possess'd *my warm breast*;
Kind Heaven! avert the decree
 That destroys me in *making* THEE BLEST.
 Let the *false world* condemn as it will,
 I care not IF MY LOUIE *can smile*,
 And whisper in tones SWEETER STILL—
 Thy own PERCY's sad heart knows NO GUILT.

I have LOVED *thee sincerely, most pure* :
 Not *one* thought that could *sully thy breast*
 Did I ever one instant endure,
 For IN THEE, LOVE, I *ever felt blest*.
 Far dearer to *me* is THY truth,
 Than all that shines gaily around,
 And THAT LOVE, with the fervour of youth,
 Round my heart *evermore* will be *found*.

I *loved* ever, STILL LOVE with a fire
 That consumes my lone heart ; hope *alone*
 My sunk feelings with vigour inspire,
 And whispers *all bliss hath not flown*.
 In my GOD is my *trust*—to HIS *will*
 I bow meekly, HIS truth is *divine* ;
 And I'll cherish THY DEAR LOVE until
 To HIS *mercy* my *soul* I *resign*.

STANZAS.

“ The sacrifice of *God* is a troubled spirit ; a broken and contrite heart, *O God*,
 shalt Thou not despise.”

As the troubled waters of some ruffled lake,
 So heaves my bosom with its bitter woe ;
 No, dearest, *never* can I for *thy* sake
 One *thought*, one *fang* of suffering forego.

Whilst sleep hath fled my dim and wearied eyes,
 Whilst fate hath dash'd from us the cup of bliss,
Kind Heaven bids us meekly to despise
 The dark illusions of a world like this.

Deprived of that dear solace which can give
 Alone to our sad bosoms gentle peace,
 Doomed thus to part, in boundless sorrow live,
 Until stern death decrees our woes shall cease,
 One charm, one happiness is left us still—
 The *gift of Heaven*, and the curse of men.
 Swift it obeys the mandates of our will,
 And bids sweet thought discourse from forth the pen.

Whilst far from *thee*, each past, each glowing joy,
 Like visions flit before my streaming eyes ;
 As life's bright sunbeams shine but to destroy
 Each hope, each transport, as it trembling flies,
 The breaking heart in vain seeks sweet relief
 In Nature's tranquil and dear sunny home,
 And tells us *joy* on earth, like life, is brief,
 As through the world's dark paths of woe we roam.

My life, my soul ! in every grief I trace
 The current of my sad heart's bursting sighs ;
 In fancy's dreams I see *thy* smiling face,
 And view the light'ning flashing from *thine* eye ;
 I feel the gentle pressure of *thy* hand,
 I hear the music of thy rich-toned voice ;
 And, grateful, feel it is *high Heaven's* command
 That bids my bosom in such *dreams* rejoice.

Thy heart, *thy* soul ! far dearer to my breast
 Than *all* this dark and dreary world can bring,
 Denies to me *kind Nature's* cheering rest,
 Whilst grief and anguish round *thee* ling'ring cling.
 Oh, let *our souls* in prayer *that* comfort find
 Which glads the bosom at life's latest day,
 Calms every fear, subdues the troubled mind,
 And bids the soul to *Heaven* wing its way.

Kind Hope, yet stem the tempest of my mind,
 Soothe every sorrow with *love's potent spell*,
 Teach me in faith the gem of bliss to find,
 That lost, now racks my breast, alas ! too well.
 Be calm my heart, be tranquil, and hope yet
 For a return of bright and happy days ;
 No power on earth can " teach *me to forget* "
 THAT NAME I *fondly*, ever DEARLY PRAISE !

Thy virtues like a crystal fountain shine
 Throughout the *beauties* of thy *soul's design*.
 May Heaven shield thee with its realm of bliss,
 That I may dwell an *age* on *every kiss*.
 May rapture, like the gentle dews of heaven,
 To glad thy heart on earth be ever given !
 Love dwells amid the pure, the *just*, the free,
 But now becomes a diamond gift *in thee*.

FIDELITY.

To gaze *on thee* is to be truly blest ;
 To be *beside thee* is to be at rest.

CONSTANCY.

Thy known pure worth, thy treasured name,
 Are cherish'd by *love's* spotless flame.

HAPPINESS.

Awake, my soul ! be light and free,
 As first with love it greeted thee !

LOVE.

Truth, faith, pure bliss and constancy,
 Are but the *emblems*, love, of *thee* !

STANZAS.

THERE are moments in life when the heart revels wild
 In its heaven of rapture and glee,
 When we bask in its joys, as an innocent child
 Wanders happy, delighted, and free.

As the bee sips the sweets from the flowers that deck
The gay meadows in Nature's gay hues,
So we sport in life's sunshine, and heed not the wreck
That our pleasures with ruin pursues.

But when past, when no longer delighted we rove,
And those bright dreams have faded away,
In our hours of anguish too dearly we prove
That joy's roses bloom but to decay.

When the visions that banished the clouds of our youth
Now are gone, to our bosoms still dear,
In the morning of sorrow we read the sad truth,
That this life is tempestuous and drear.

The heart then learns the lesson, too bitterly taught,
That the buds which joy's roses adorn
Are as visions now past, which we eagerly sought
But to press to our bosoms the thorn.

When the tongue of deceit in our warm breasts can raise
The pure feelings of friendship divine,
When we clasp the false hand which in trembling betrays
The dark veil that obscures its design ;

It is then the soul feels the sad trials that wreck
The kind heart in its temple of truth ;
As our eyes, 'midst their tears, view the desolate speck
That illumin'd the sunshine of youth.

'Midst our struggles to parry the shafts that are hurl'd
At our hearts, once the home of delight,
In our anguish we turn in contempt from a world
That before seemed so lovely and bright.

Spirit-broken, our bosoms lament their past joys,
Which were cherish'd, alas, to deceive ;
The fond heart lost, deserted, each dear hope destroys,
And in silence exists but to grieve.

'Tis in manhood the false heart too reckless betrays
 Its recesses of darkness and woe ;
 The warm bosom unconsciously lost in amaze
 Sees the hand *not* that prompted the blow.

Yet amidst our deep sorrows one bright charm sincere
 Thrills within the rent, desolate breast ;
 In the storm of our darkness its purity cheers
 The true bosom, once more to be blest.

Love, thou spring of *true bliss*, the fond *herald* of *peace*,
 Twines around our lone hearts its soft chain ;
 In the depths of our sadness it bids sorrow cease,
 And with joy soothes each lingering pain.

Love inspired by *honour*, and *cherish'd* in *truth*,
 Cannot droop to sink slow in decay ;
 But still warms in our age, when the fire of youth,
 Like spring flowers, hath faded away.

Love ! ah ! never can sorrow thy power estrange,
 Though our souls are by fate torn apart ;
 Nothing *earthly* or *heav'nly* ever *can* change
 The *affection* that reigns in *my heart*.

The heart that *hath truly lov'd ne'er can deceive*
 In one *thought*, by one *glance*, by one *vow* ;
 But with fervour, with rapture, undying believe
 It will *ever love truly as now* !

Not the *oath* on the *altar*, pure, holy and bright,
 Nor the warm *vow* of passion alone,
 Can bring back the sad heart to its former delight,
 When the *soul's dearest truth, love, IS GONE*.

STANZAS.

ONCE more, my dearest, have we met
 Amidst our cheerless woe,
 Whilst joy's bright star hath darkly set
 To veil our hopes below.

Again, *my angel*, doomed to part
From all that charms this life,
I hope to press thee to my heart
Ere long, MY HAPPY WIFE.

Let Love becalm each anxious fear
That racks thy gentle breast ;
Let Faith's pure sun dry every tear,
And make thy fond heart blest.

I cannot *watch thee* as of yore,
But writhe beneath the smart
That pangs my heart, e'en to its "core,"
To live *from thee* apart.

No longer am I by *thy side*
Each anxious grief to cheer,
To clasp thee as MY SPOTLESS BRIDE,
My soul, my Louie dear !

Yet do I feel each cherish'd thought
With faith more fervent glows,
And cheers my breast, so deeply fraught
With this sad life's dark woes.

Still do I treasure every vow,
Each thought, each hope and joy ;
Though care may cloud my ruffled brow
It cannot love destroy.

My soul is dying, love, to prove
Its faith, its truth to thee ;
My heart is *thine, my angel love*,
Despite stern Fate's decree.

With pure fidelity thy soul
Inspires my heaving breast :
It guides each feeling with control,
To make me truly blest.

The mem'ry of thy loving glance,
 That warm'd my glowing heart,
 Hath steep'd my feelings in love's trance,
 To cheer my breast apart.

My dearest Louie, calm thy fears,
 And still thy trembling voice ;
 Thy *Percy's faith* shall *dry thy tears*,
 And bid *thy heart rejoice*.

My soul's dear idol, each fair day
 Shall set in lustrous night ;
 Our sorrows' clouds shall pass away,
 And fade in love's fond light.

My love, my life, my other soul,
 Doubt not my vows of love !
 Years in true bliss shall sweetly roll
 My constancy to prove.

Thou shalt not one past joy regret
 When thou art mine alone ;
 I'll teach thy bosom to forget
 The pangs that blight "LOVE'S HOME."

I'll *watch thee* in thy placid rest,
 I'll *soothe thee* in thy pain,
 I'll *calm* the anguish of *thy breast*,
 Ne'er to know grief again.

I've "*promised much*," but nothing more
 Than *I* will faithful keep ;
 The hours of bliss for *thee* in store
 Shall bid *thee cease to weep*.

And wilt thou "MUCH" expect from me
 In our bright future life,
 When my fond soul can *worship thee*
 AS MY DEAR FAITHFUL WIFE?

To thee "MUCH" ever is thy due,
 And "*much*" shall be thy share ;
 To be most *loving, kind, and true*
 Will be my anxious care.

I'll glad the coming of each day,
 I'll cheer each coming night,
 I'll make "*thy moments*" ever gay,
 And fleet in soft delight.

I'll banish from thy gentle breast
 Each pang, and ever prove
 My soul is most sincerely blest
In thee, MY ANGEL LOVE !

 STANZAS.

My *dear girl*, my *own girl*, my heart it is glowing,
 With love in its bright truth on earth *but for thee* ;
 Though sad grief o'er our dark souls its mantle is throwing,
 Thou *gem of the faithful, my life*, come to me.

Bright the soft stars of heaven above us are shining,
 As tho' they would rival the moon's silver light :
 Ev'ry hope, ev'ry wish, round *thy heart* is entwining,
 And bathes *my lone heart* in a world of delight.

My *dear girl*, my fond soul sincerely doth cherish
 The spotless affection that fires my breast ;
 'Tis one that *not time*, blight, or sorrow can *perish*,
 Whilst *thine eyes* are the stars in whose beams I am blest.

Let the moonbeams play o'er us whilst fondly I'm pressing
Thy sweet lips in undying rapture to *mine* ;
 I will whisper my vows whilst thy dear soul caressing,
 And my heart shall be grafted *in love around thine*.

I care not for the joys this false world is revealing,
Whilst *my Louie* I *clasp* to my heart as *mine own* ;
In that *name* there is magic, thro' each sense is stealing
A spell *my dear angel* hath woven *alone*.

To my arms I will fold thee, thou *soul of affection*,
As her mate faithful clings to the home of the dove ;
I will *kiss* from *thy brow* the dark clouds of dejection,
And bathe thy fond breast in a *fountain of love*.

As the soul knows no change when this sad life departing,
And fades in its darkness in mournful decay,
Whilst the tear of regret from the dim eye is starting,
And the spirit of earth hath in death passed away ;

So my heart knows no change in the depths of its sadness,
Whilst each bright dawning day shall its *faithfulness* prove ;
I will strew thy soft footsteps with flowers of gladness,
And make *thy dear bosom* a pure *world of love*.

I have *loved thee* in *happiness, sunshine, and sorrow*,
I have loved in my dreams, in each *wish of my heart* ;
Not one moment of joy can illumine the morrow,
If *thy heart* couldst *refuse* its true bliss to *impart*.

I could not for the world blight thy peace in believing
Thy *dear generous heart* could e'er think me untrue ;
In my fond *vows of love* thy bright soul *undeceiving*,
I will shed o'er thy bosom truth's unchanging hue.

In my heart lurks no falsehood, my soul it is glowing
With love's fervent passion unsullied and bright ;
Tho' the tears from my eyes in my sorrow were flowing,
Let them *flow* while returning to *THEE* and *delight*.

As the mist on the mountain its high peak is veiling,
And wraps the beholder in wonder and awe ;
So the clouds that *thy peace* in dark storms now assailing,
Will soon vanish to shadow *thy bliss, love, no more*.

In *thy dark eyes* a bright world of love is still gleaming,
And bids, in its smiles, my sad bosom be *blest* ;
O'er *thy fair brow* the soul in its beauty is beaming,
And cheers the fond feelings *that warm* my sad breast.

On *thy soft lips* the dew of love's blossoms is clinging,
And awakens my bosom to rapture and bliss ;
In my hush'd ears *thy voice* in love's accents is *ringing*,
And bids *mine respond* to *thy truth-teeming kiss*.

O'er thy bosom of snow *thy dark locks* are yet *playing*,
And courting my hand to embrace them again ;
Ev'ry charm its *bright gems* to *my eyes* are displaying,
And drowns in sweet peace ev'ry sorrowing pain.

When in *thy arms* enfolded, on *thy breast* reclining,
I'll *weave* round *thy soul* a fond spell of delight ;
LOVE AND TRUTH round thy heart their bright gifts are en-
twining,
And each thought of peace glows in *love's spotless light*.

I have watched thy soft bosom when fearfully sighing,
Each *dear cherish'd hope* has been sunk long to rest ;
In *thy chaste arms* my soul in its bliss, love, was *dying*,
Whilst clasp'd in sweet rapture close to thy fond breast.

Bright the stars shall shine o'er us, no more in dark sorrow,
But welcome our happiness in their pure light ;
Clouds of anguish no more shall o'ershadow the morrow,
But bid it flow on in one stream of delight.

Not a sound shall be near us whilst fondly revealing
Our dear treasured hopes in the *language of truth* ;
O'er our senses love's magic enchanted is stealing,
And strengthens in faith the soft doubts of our youth.

Come, my dear girl, to bless me whilst nature is sleeping,
'Tis *then thou shalt come* to shed joy o'er my heart,
When the song-birds their vigils are silently keeping,
Come, dearest, no more from each other to part.

Come, my angel, whilst *heaven's soft beauties* are glist'ning,
 And Nature is resting, love, tranquil and bright,
 For the sound of *thy footsteps* my warm soul is list'ning
 To shed round my bosom a world of delight.

Come, my *angel of life*, to my arms quickly flying,
 And seal my fond hopes in a *long burning kiss* ;
Our dear souls yet are glowing with *passion undying*,
 And our loves shall be bathed in its *heaven of bliss*.

STANZAS.

Oh, *teach me, dearest*, 'tis the lot
 Of those *who love* to drink of sorrow ;
 Of earthly bliss sing to me not,
 Whilst anguish clouds *thy* coming morrow.

Oh, teach my heart that fate ordains
 Sad grief should blight each treasur'd feeling ;
 Oh, teach my breast to bear the pains
 Which through my glowing soul is stealing.

Oh, teach me not that hearts when young,
 When fond affection clings around them,
 When every fibre is unstrung,
 Can e'er forget the chain that bound them.

Oh, teach me, love, to seek in peace
 Our sorrows dark, but calm declining,
 And bid each pang in rapture cease
 Whilst bliss around our souls is twining.

My *dearest girl*, I've felt my soul
 From joy to sadness darkly flying,
 I've felt the pangs beyond control,
 The *anguish* of the *heart undying*.

Deeply I've felt *love's* gushing tide
 Rush wildly on as if to *madness*,
And every hope my breast defied,
 To cheer its mourning into gladness.

Bright smiles may deck the glowing cheek,
 And joy within the face be beaming ;
But tears and sighs in sadness speak
 The wounds within the bosom streaming.

Oft is the bosom rent when joy
 Seems wildly in each warm vein glowing,
Whilst hope's soft spell beams to destroy
 The streams of *faithful love* still flowing.

Oh, give us back those *happy days*,
 Ere life's dark clouds were scattered o'er us,
When *our warm hearts* in fervent praise
 Gazed on the *scene* of *bliss* before us.

Love then should every care beguile,
 Mirth's joyful songs be loud resounding—
I'd worship each *dear sunny smile*
 That chains my soul with love abounding.

Reposing in each other's arms,
 Forgetting faults long since *forgiven*,
My heart should revel in *thy charms*,
 And make each spot *eternal heaven*.

I've marked the tear that dimm'd thine eye,
 In boundless sorrow gently starting ;
I've treasured dear each heaving sigh,
 That burst *thy bosom* at *our parting*.

In vain I seek for other joys,
 Whilst my sad heart alone is beating ;
One wish each thought of peace destroys,
 Midst every bliss now fast retreating.

Could I but hear thy angel voice
 In tones of *love* still blissful ringing,
My lonely heart could then rejoice,
 That faithful to *THY heart* is clinging.

With thee my soul is dearly blest—
 WITHOUT *thee* joy hath set for ever ;
Thy bosom is my place of rest.
Can I forget my angel ?—never !

My dearest girl, may every bliss
 For thee be evermore increasing ;
 I'll soothe each grief in *love's fond kiss*,
 And breathe *my vows* of LOVE UNCEASING.

Whilst sever'd from *thy faithful heart*,
 Dear Mem'ry's soft and magic finger
 Still bids me trace with Truth's fond heart
THY NAME, which o'er my warm soul lingers.

MY ANGEL LOVE, though years should roll
 And pass away, still ever dearly
My heart shall twine around *THY SOUL*,
 And ever LOVE THEE MOST SINCERELY.

STANZAS.

“ Bright be the place of my soul.”—BYRON.

THE heart that hath mourned o'er its woes
 In the silence of bitter despair,
 The bosom that yields to the throes
 Of deep anguish, once placid and fair,
 Sees obscured (whilst the mantle of grief
 Clouds its bliss far beyond all control)
 The bright star of *pure holy* relief,
 That can cheer the dark hopes of the soul,

Torn by fate from the only dear tie
That around each fond thought weaves its spells,
The sad soul in each heart-breaking sigh
Speaks the anguish that round the heart dwells.
Desolated, alone, what can cheer
The stung bosom when each hope is riven?
The sweet peace that the heart seeks for *here*
Will be found not on earth, *but in Heaven.*

When the feelings awakened by *love*
Through the heart's vivid channels vibrate,
Whilst each day still more cheerless doth prove
The decrees of our sorrowful fate;
Still amidst the dark tempest *ONE thought*
In the bosom with pure lustre shines,
And the heart, long by deep sorrow fraught,
Yet around its affection entwines.

As the song-birds rejoice when the sun
In his rising relumines the world,
Yet rejoice when his course he hath run,
When night's veil is in darkness unfurl'd:
So the heart that has loved at the dawn
Fondly loves when its star sets in night;
Still, from every dear feeling torn,
It yet glows in its soul's fading light.

As the water's unruffled whilst streams
In the depths of its currents dark flows,
So the face may be deck'd in joy's beams,
Whilst the bosom is clouded with woe.
In this life's dark and transient flight,
When existing from each joy apart,
The soft eye may yet beam with delight,
Whilst dark anguish is rending the heart.

There are moments when life seems a speck
In this space of ethereal woe;
Then the soul feels its bliss—a lost wreck,
Around which joy's streams ne'er shall flow;

But *ONE thought*, that yet glows in the breast,
 Bids us turn from a world we despise,
 And the heart evermore, love, is blest,
 In the light of the *soul-loving eyes*.

Dark and lonely each lingering fear
 Clings around the lone heart, *loving still*,
 And the hopes that alone it can cheer
 Revel wild in the faith of its will.
 As the storms of the morn bid the day
 In its glory beam tranquilly bright,
 So the heart, when the storm's pass'd away,
 Glows in peace 'midst its soul's spotless light.

So *my Louie* shall yet be *our bliss*,
 And each moment in joy shall reveal .
 The pure love that entwines round each kiss—
 A delight but the *faithful* can feel.
 At the *fountain of true love* I bow,
 Whilst the bright stars of joy gaily shine,
 And its waters shall circle *each vow*
 That on earth chains **ME FAITHFULLY THINE.**

STANZAS.

Bright may evermore be the anniversary of *thy Natal Day, my own dear Girl.*

Peace be to thee upon **THY Natal Day**,
 In liquid bliss unceasing in its flow !
 May summer flowers ever strew thy way,
 And banish from thy bosom every woe,
 That time may progress onward to define
 The meed of happiness that shall *be thine*.

May every sorrow stay its mournful course ;
 May every pang be hush'd in joyful strains ;
 May happiness sweet melody discourse,
 And soothe the anguish of thy silent pains ;
 May every hope of bliss be crowned with peace,
 And every chord of grief for ever cease.

May roses bloom in fragrance o'er thy head ;
 May sunshine ever cheer thy path through life ;
 May plenty round thy bosom ever shed
 Its gems, to quell each dark and sadd'ning strife :
 So shall thy days be bless'd with sunny smiles,
 And soothe *false Friendship's* wanton, *heartless* guiles.

O'er thy fair brow may Sorrow's gathering clouds
 No more arise to guide black Envy's dart,
 But quick dispel the pang that yet enshrouds
 The matchless purity of thy fond heart :
 So shall thy days in tranquil joy be pass'd,
 And each outrival with true bliss the last.

As storms o'ercloud the dark and gloomy skies,
 To glow more brightly when the tempest's o'er,
 So may the lustre of thy sparkling eyes
 Shed forth their lightning brighter than before :
 Thus may thy soul be ever bathed in joy,
 Apart from all that can thy peace destroy.

Thy guiding star let *love requited* be,
 To cheer thee midst the darkness of thy woes ;
 May magic Fancy, in its gifts to thee,
 Eternal joys in sunny streams disclose :
 Thus may thou ever in each beauty find
 Peace and content to glad thy spotless mind,

To thee be praise ! To thee all truth is due,
 Thou gen'rous guardian of my weary heart,
 Pure as the moon's pale, trembling, silver hue,
 Which o'er veil'd Nature lustrous gems impart !
 Tranquil and placid as her rays still be
 The bliss that *love*, that life can shed o'er thee.

Too fondly hast thou loved, if woman can
 Love *too* intensely, with a faith more bright
 Than ever kindled in the breast of man—
 Such golden purity nought can requite ;
 Yet *still love* fondly, free from every harm,
 Whilst thy pure virtues gild each glowing charm.

As Nature's flowers deck the sylvan field,
 The moss-clad heather, and the silent dell
 With fragrant blossoms, so may each day yield
 Forth teeming beauties wove in *love's* soft spell,
 And plunge thy soul in joy's calm roseate stream,
 Warmed by the golden sun's refulgent beam.

May *Heaven* grant thy hours be bright and gay,
 Thy couch the temple of sweet balmy rest,
 And the fair dawning of each coming day
 With peace and pleasure fill thy swelling breast ;
 No more to feel the pangs of sad despair,
 But add a charm to that already fair.

Love is the offspring of its virtuous home,
 The *spotless tablet* of the *guileless heart* ;
 Where truth exists not, *love* can *never* come,
 To dwell from every purity apart ;
 But glows with rapture ever fond and kind
 Upon the altar of the sterling mind.

Thou hast *loved truly*, loved as few can love—
 Devoted, constant, fervent, and sincere,
 Blending the gentle softness of the dove
 With every charm that can make thee most dear :
 So clings *my* soul in faithful love to *thine*,
 So round *thy* heart devotedly clings *mine*.

Blest be that day which welcomed *thee* to light,
 That gave *thee* life amidst a world of woe,
 That gave *thee* smiling to a mother's sight,
 With rapture such as mothers *only* know,
 And gazing in that face serenely mild
 Traced there the *woman* in the lisplless child.

Awake my soul, and bid my heart rejoice,
 Bid every hope be crowned with eager joy,
 Give me the music of *thy* heavenly voice,
 That sheds around me bliss without alloy !
 Let my sad heart yet revel in love's fire,
 And every wish be blest in soft desire.

When thy sweet bosom first with love did glow,
Joy was thy day and happiness thy night ;
Nor couldst thy bosom think 'twould ever know
So dark a setting of joy's fading light :
Then burned *my* bosom with a hallowed flame,
That glows in peace, in woe, in faith the same.

My dearest Louie, little didst thou think
When I first met thee sorrow e'er wouldst shed
Its veil upon thee, and wouldst bid thee drink
So deep of bitterness when Nature spread
Her buds of promise, blooming when too late,
When silent anguish seal'd our mournful fate.

Yet may thy path be strewed with lasting joy,
Though darkness casts thy footsteps in life's shade ;
May future bliss each secret pang destroy,
And every grief in happiness quick fade,
That thou, *my angel*, in thy life may prove
The bright *reward* of *thy undying love*.

Let my fond vows give comfort to thy heart—
Let my firm faith within thy bosom shed
True love and peace to make thee ever blest,
And bid each cloud of woe be ever fled :
Thus may thy days in each revolving year
Thy future prospects with *love's blossoms* cheer.

My breast is glowing with its fervent sighs ;
My eyes are streaming with their burning tears ;
My heart in silence mourns the gem I prize,
And makes its home a world of anxious fears ;
My life, my soul, *thy* soul in silence fires
My heaving bosom with *fond love's desires* !

My life, my soul, yet torn from thee apart,
From every joy to every reckless ill,
Doubt not the faith of my sad bleeding heart,
That dearly, fondly, truly *loves thee still* !
Though my bright star of bliss hath sunk to set,
It *cannot* teach my bosom to *forget*.

If our fond hopes with joy on earth be crowned,
 In happiness we'll chase each care away ;
 Sweet peace shall ever in thy heart be found,
 And cheer the setting of each fading day :
 For oh, 'twill glad my soul when thy warm breast
 With every wish, with every joy is blest.

May thy fond hopes be bathed in sweet success ;
 May thy dear soul be ever steep'd in bliss,
 Nor fear that *mine* can ever love thee *less*,
 Apart from happiness so great as this.
 My heart is glowing in its spotless truth,
 My soul is sparkling in the light of youth.

No more for thee may anguish* coldly blight
 Each hope, and plunge thy bosom in its strife,
 But each fair morning shed its golden light,
 To cheer the darkness of this mournful life ;
 Bid every joy for thee its stores increase,
 And make this world for thee a *world of peace*.

My heart shall be the altar of thy vows,
 My soul its temple, graced with love's device ;
 And truth and love shall peace and joy espouse,
 To make this *earth* for *thee* a *Paradise* ;
 And nought shall linger to cement our bliss
 But *true love's seal*—a *long, a fervent kiss*.

May angels guard thee, love with sacred care ;
 Through flow'ry paths securely mayst thou tread ;
 May every blessing be thy spotless share,
 By fortune followed, and by virtue led ;
 May thou for evermore from pain be free,
 And this cold world yet shed its joys for thee.

Let health and love be in thy eyes exprest ;
 Within thy bosom glow eternal peace ;
 Let each fond hour make thee still *more* blest,
 And tranquil bliss for *thee, dear girl, increase*,
 And to thy soul its genial bloom impart.
 To soothe the anguish of *thy constant heart*.

Still may the glow of beauty gild each thought,
 That love unchanging in its truth inspires;
 No more by sorrow's guile be deeply fraught,
 To check the burning of thy soul's desires;
 Let but bright *happiness* be ever *thine*,
 And every *joy* will evermore be *mine*.

As roses droop beneath the zephyr's breath,
 And fade in sinking, strew the grassy plain,
 Late may'st thou feel the chastening hand of death,
 Unlike the flowers—yet to bloom again:
 Transplanted from this waste to fertile heaven,
 There dwell in peace with every fault forgiven.

May thy fond heart still glow within the light
 Of sunny smiles of pure and radiant joy,
 And fill my bosom with a pure delight
 No breath can blight or evermore destroy,
 And listening to the magic of thy voice
 In bliss unceasing bid my heart rejoice.

One hope, one thought reigns in my glowing breast—
 May'st thou be happy on this gloomy earth;
 In sweet possession, dearest girl, be blest,
 Till the glad spring of Nature's second birth;
 Then quit the transient winter of the tomb,
 To *rise* and *flourish* in *immortal bloom*.

 STANZAS.

ONCE more *we have met, again parted*, and yet
 Each pure thought, love, is glowing with bliss!
 We may sever for *years*, but can *never forget*
 Those bright hopes we have seal'd with "LOVE'S KISS."

Time may wither the strength of the firm oak tree,
 And of life its proud branches divest;
 But *my soul treasures* ever, DEAR LOUIE, for *thee*,
Love undying within my sad breast.

My lone heart in its parting, believe me, still feels
As if mounting the bright azure skies ;
Every thought of the past thro' each vein swiftly steals,
One sad tear dims the light of my eyes.

I am lonely, but *lighter* my spirits arise,
And my heart yet is glowing with fire,
Bring me back the fond lightning that darts from *thine* eyes,
Let *my soul* in its *rapture expire* !

Like the streamlet smooth flowing thro' Nature's calm vale,
Bright, unruffled by sorrow or strife,
So *my fond love* is borne on affection's soft gale,
To be hushed in the *setting* of *life*.

I have loved thee in brightness, *still love thee* in woe,
Whilst around us the clouds of despair
Gather quickly, no longer in sunshine to glow,
But to darken that which once was fair.

Yet the *storms* of this world, *love*, can never impart
Its dark winds to the bosom of truth ;
It may ruffle the features, but *still the fond heart*
Loves as *bright* as the sweet dreams of youth.

The dear friends of our bosom may sink to decay,
Pleasures blighted may wither and fade,
Grief may cloud the gay sunshine of each dawning day,
And o'erwhelm our fair prospects in shade ;

But the time it *will come* when the overcast skies
Shall again in their bright glory shine,
And each wish of my heart, *love*, will bid me *despise*,
If that *wish*, *dearest girl*, is NOT THINE.

Who can teach the sad heart, when by *falsehood betrayed*,
The deep wound it *conceals*, to forget ?
When its temple of Truth, LOVE, a *heaven* had made,
How so coldly, so lustreless set.

Like a vision long past is the *hope* of its joys,
 Which *not* magic can ever retrace ;
 Mem'ry lingers around the *false heart* that destroys
 Life's warm stream—death can only efface.

Oh ! the heart *silent dwells* on those days *when it smiled*
 On its idol with rapture and glee,
 When the soul sipp'd of joy as an innocent child
 Gathers sweets in its wild destiny.

The fond heart, warm and young in this life's changeful scene,
 Feels too keenly the grasp of rude care,
 And the blossoms of joy are as flowers long been,
Once resplendent, once lovely and fair.

But, alas ! the *sweet* flowers in sorrow they prove
 (When the leaves from the stem hath been torn)
 That the *emblem* of those whom on earth *truly love*
 Is too often a *desolate thorn*.

Yield to Love the pure heart, else *withhold* the *false* hand,
 That in vain can its anguish assuage ;
 Vows of love are too often inscribed but "*in sand*,"
 And then registered on the *waves' page*!

My warm soul to THY SOUL is for *ever* fast bound,
 E'er *unchanging*, most *faithful*, most *true* :
 And each *link* of the *chain* will for *ever* be found
 Round *thy heart*, where it first fondly grew.

Thou art ALL that can *cheer me*, no bosom *save thine*
 Can bring peace to my desolate breast ;
 In my sorrow *I'll clasp thee*, ALONE EVER MINE,
 And in THEE, MY OWN LOUIE, be *blest*.

My soul is expanding as blooms the sweet rose,
 Each pure thought it is glowing with love,
 Each fond hope in bright fancy its beauties disclose
 Soft and gentle as worships the dove.

*To my heart I will fold thee, in rapture, in bliss,
 As my soul clings in faith around thine ;
 I will press on thy lips love's long-lingering kiss,
 And for ever AROUND THEE entwine.*

*I will love thee in sorrow, WILL love thee whilst fire
 To my soul life's warm stream doth impart,
 With a fervour, a faith truth alone can inspire,
 To illumine the " LOVE OF THE HEART ! "*

STANZAS.

" It is not meet that the SOUL be without knowledge."

Do not think me, love, curious when anxious I trace
 In *thy* sorrows and pains the *sad truth*,
 When thy bright eyes are dim, and *thy* dear smiling face
 Are bereft of the sweetness of youth.
 In my silence *I* grieve for *thy* anguish, my dear,
 My rent bosom yet bleeds o'er *thy* grief ;
 When I *press thee* to tell *me, love, why* shouldst THOU *fear* ?
 'Tis my soul that now proffers relief.

Can *I* revel in happiness, smile with *real* joy,
 When *thy* bosom's distracted and torn ?
 Can *I* heedlessly gaze on the pangs that destroy
Thy soft smiles when thou'rt sad and forlorn ?
 No ; surrounded by sorrow, love, *never* believe
 When *thou'rt lonely thy* Percy can smile.
 No ; *my heart* feels too keenly, it *ne'er can deceive*
 The bright hopes of *thy* soul by SUCH GUILF.

There are moments of anguish *I* scarcely *dare name*,
 When thy brow is contracted and wan ;
 If *I* seek to *relieve thee*, DEAR GIRL, do *not* blame
My fond heart that no *wrong*, love, hath done.
 I have sigh'd o'er the sorrows *thy* sex knows alone,
 And have silently wished I could steal
 From thy bosom *the pains* which by Nature are sown,
Thy sad eyes in their *tears*, love, reveal.

I would willingly o'er *thy* fair brow ever shed
 Smiling peace in its soft tranquil pride ;
 My fond bosom should pillow *thy fond* drooping head,
 And restore to sweet peace thy dear side.
 Woe is *me* ! I but weep for each lingering pain,
 And in sympathy feel the deep sting ;
 But *kind heaven*, I trust, will in *mercy* again
 To *thy* bosom *sweet peace* once more bring.

If a *fault* it is, DEAREST, to scan o'er the page,
 That develops *frail Nature's* designs ;
 'Tis a *dear one* that teaches *true love* to assuage
 The *dark grief* that around *thy heart* twines.
 It was nobly ordained that the mind should be sown
 In its morning of life with the gems
 Of *true* knowledge, as flowers disclose when *full* blown
 Their rich stores clustered round their bright stems.

I have wished in the zeal of *my* desolate heart
 To discover the *pains* that destroy
 Thy *dear quiet*, sweet bliss to each pang, *love*, impart,
 And around *thy dear bosom* shed joy.
 Do not wish that *I knew not* the strict laws that guide
Nature's functions in health, or in woe ;
 I have sought for the *truth* in my soul's purest pride,
 For 'tis written "*ourselves we should know.*"

I have silently gazed on each feature, each glance,
 I have read thy dear soul in thine eyes ;
 Hope and fear *my lone heart* bathe in love's blissful *trance*,
 And in tears mock the storm of *my* sighs.
 'Midst life's weal, or its woe, when the heart *loves sincere*,
 Nought can sever the chain but stern death ;
 In its drooping it clings to the *idol* yet dear,
 And resigns it but with its *last* breath.

Then, MY LOUIE, forgive me in *lifting* the *veil*,
 Nature's *mysteries* purely to find ;
 I have sought but to trace the sad ills that assail,
 And destroy the rich germ of the mind.

I will watch o'er thy slumbers, with smiles I will chase
From *thy* brow the dark clouds of each pain,
Bring *thee* back the pure brightness that beam'd in thy face,
And *thy health dearest ever maintain.*

STANZAS.

Come, love, to me in the soft twilight glowing,
Come to my arms that are lonely and chill,
I will kiss from thine eyes the sad tears that are flowing,
And clasp thee with rapture, in love faithful still.

Come, love, to me whilst the cold world is sleeping,
Come to me, dearest, *my angel of bliss!*
Though in sadness thou come whilst thy bosom is weeping,
Come then and seal my fond hopes *with thy kiss.*

Come, love, to me, whilst thy heart is revealing
Its hopes and its passions in silence and tears,
In my truth *not one thought* from thy dear soul concealing,
I will soothe thy affliction and calm thy dark fears.

Come, love, to me, and whilst fondly caressing
The *idol of love* my fond heart *treasures* dear ;
May the *heavens* above shed around us its blessing,
And teach us no longer for happiness fear.

Come, love, to me, where no mortal can sever
Our hearts, our fond souls, when united by truth,
I will press thee and *bless thee* for ever and ever,
And *love* as I *loved* in the *days of my youth.*

Come, love, to me, to my heart I will fold thee,
And vow thee for ever, *dear girl, only mine ;*
My sad eyes yet are streaming again to behold thee,
Again round thy bosom my arms to entwine.

*Come, love, to me, in thy joy, in thy sorrow,
Smile in thy beauty, thou gem of my heart,
And may the bright dawn of the quick fleeting morrow,
To our bosoms true happiness, dearest, impart.*

*Come, love, to me, thou canst never be dearer
To my heart, to my soul, than I feel thou art now ;
Not the fond breast of man can on earth love sincerer
A love I have breathed thee in every vow.*

*Come, love, to me, whilst the day is fast flying,
And night, love, is veiling the sun lighted skies,
Let me drink from thy sighs bliss, enchanting, undying,
And kiss the sweet drops from thy bright sparkling eyes.*

*Then come, love, to cheer me, to soothe me, to bless me,
Let me thy form in my fond arms entwine,
To my warm heart with pure glowing rapture I'll press thee,
And vow in my kisses, MY HEART, LOVE, IS THINE.*

STANZAS.

1 "TO MY OWN DEAR GIRL."

THERE is no joy this world can shed
Around our hearts its bliss,
As that which through the soul is spread
When wakes *love's fervent kiss.*

There is no ray can shed its light
Within the breast of truth,
As the fond glance of calm delight
That fires the eye of youth.

There is no balm can ever heal
The wounds of blighting joys,
Nor teach the bosom to conceal
The pangs that faith destroys.

Vain are our bright and sunny dreams
Of happiness below,
If Faith sheds not its radiant beams
To cheer our darken'd woe.

From joy to woe is but one flight
Of fickle Fortune's wings,
It veils the bosom's glowing light
As sorrow round it clings.

The gentle rivulet that flows,
Unruffled, and serene,
Pursues its course midst earthly woes,
Nor heeds life's mournful scene.

So journeys onward each fair day
To set in silent night,
So life's gay sunshine fades away
No more to shed its light.

So fades the fragrance of the rose
And perishes in death,
So life's dark streams its storms disclose,
To wreck man's fleeting breath.

The fond confiding bosom clasps
The blossoms of such flowers,
Too late it feels the thorns it grasps
That sting its happy hours.

How vain are hopes placed but on man,
Who smiles but to betray,
Who curbs our joys to scarce a span,
And turns to night our day.

Though smiles may brighten up the brow
Of the fond, loving soul,
Still may the heart, as dark as now
Rush on to ruin's goal.

The fairest flowers bloom to fade,
The brightest hopes to die,
And plunge our souls in mournful shade—
No balm, no comfort nigh.

The gayest dawn of life's bright days
Will change—in darkness set,
But though our joys have pass'd away,
The *heart can ne'er forget.*

As sinks the sun beneath the clouds
That hail the coming night,
So sinks the soul when grief enshrouds
Its dreams of sweet delight.

When darkness reigns within the breast,
When peace is fled—hath gone,
So feels the bosom, sad, oppress'd,
Lost, sever'd, and alone !

There is no hope can lift the soul
In fancy's mazy flight,
And raise each thought beyond control,
Unspotted, pure and bright.

There is no tie that weaves its chain
Around the heart, but proves
That peace and joy on earth are vain,
Save when the warm soul loves.

The bursting sighs, the streaming tears,
The looks of bitter grief,
Bespeak a world of anxious fears,
Apart from kind relief.

The heaving bosom midst its pain,
The beating heart in woe,
Seeks soothing peace on earth in vain,
And sinks beneath the blow.

Heartbroken, lonely, when deceived,
Life's tortures quick increase,
And *the dear soul* which *once* believed,
Can *never* more know *peace*.

Hope then is gone—snapp'd are the links
Which bound the loving breast,
To cherish *that* from which it shrinks,
Distracted and oppress'd.

But when the *soul* hath *loved sincere*,
And stern affliction spreads
Its mantle o'er *thine* image dear,
And sorrow on *us* sheds,

Thy dear pure soul is *constant* still,
Though *all* the world is *gone* ;
It clings around each blighting ill,
And cheers my woes *alone*.

It tells of other joys, but past,
To quickly *come again* ;
It smiling soothes *me* to the last
Of every bitter pain.

Firm in *thy truth* it glows, to shield
My bosom from the dart
Which, but in death, can fading yield
The *love* that warms *my heart*.

When the false voice of man conspired
To blight my spotless fame,
Thy breast my *drooping* breast inspired
With strength—nor *whisper'd blame*.

When all the world against me rose,
To blacken every ill,
Thy generous soul, 'midst countless foes,
Was *loving, faithful still*.

Bless'd be that balm which yet is left
To soothe our bitter grief,
Our lonely hearts, of peace bereft,
In *love* seeks pure relief.

THAT LOVE, in proud refulgence shines
Amidst such storms as this,
Around *our souls* each virtue twines,
And steeps *our* thoughts in bliss.

There is no charm this world can give,
Or ever take away,
As that which bids us, *loved, to live*,
And bless each coming day.

Friends faithless prove, and foes obscure
The purity of hearts,
But love's bright truth will e'er endure,
And crush their trait'rous arts !

With streaming eyes upraised in prayer
To HIM who reigns above,
The soul turns calmly from despair,
His lasting truth to prove.

No guile exists where love's pure fire
Glows faithful in the breast,
Sheds forth the streams of soft desire,
To soothe our hearts to rest.

Peace be to all, whate'er the ills
They seek to shed around
Our tranquil joys kind Heaven wills,
Sweet peace shall yet abound.

Man, like the fairest flower, dies,
And soon hath pass'd away ;
Too late our hearts learn to despise
The pleasures of a day.

There is one hope that ever beams
 With pure and holy light,
 It bathes our anguish in its streams,
 And wakes us to delight.

It calms our troubles, soothes our woe,
 It chastens our fond love,
 And bids us turn from pain below
 To happiness above.

Soon shall the confines of each breast
 By grief no more be riven,
 But in each other's arms be blest,
 And every fault forgiven.

“It is the voice of love and truth that crieth from out of the
 wilderness of sorrow !”
 ADIEU !

STANZAS.

WHEN parted from *my life, my soul*,
 The star that cheers my breast,
 My troubled thoughts, beyond control,
 In bitterness are blest.

In vain I turn my wearied eyes,
 To catch *thy form* again ;
 To press *thy lips*, to drink *thy sighs*,
 That thrill through every vein.

My life, MY LOUIE, bring me back
 To happiness—to peace !
 My burning breast is on the rack
 Of hope—when will it cease ?

Oh, give me back those happy days
 When *we, delighted*, strayed !
 When Nature's beauties mocked our gaze,
 In every tranquil shade.

When *I*, with rapture, gently pressed
 Thee to my glowing heart ;
While *mutual love* inspired each breast
 With truth's most simple art.

Then come, *my love*, to *bless* me still ;
 To soothe each silent pain ;
Through every vein *true love* distil,
 And bind me with *its* chain.

Ah ! let my lips, *my love*, meet *thine*
 In one long burning kiss !
Whilst *thou* shalt yield it back to *mine*,
 And bathe my soul in bliss.

Entwined within *each other's arms*
 Let *us* once more recline ;
Let me behold *thy* glowing charms,
 Pure, lovely, and divine.

My star, my angel, shed *thy* smiles
 Around my lonely heart ;
Whilst *hallow'd love* with joy beguiles
 The sting of *Envy's* dart.

My dearest Louie, thine ALONE
 Am *I* for evermore ;
Though days of peace, now past and gone,
 I silently deplore.

I wouldst not have *thee* ever sad
 When *I* can cheer *thy* grief ;
My *faithful* heart is ever glad
 To minister relief.

I wouldst not have *thee* ever sigh
 When *I* am near to *kiss*
Away the tear that dims *thine* eye,
 And wake *thy soul* to bliss.

I wouldst not have *thee* ever know
One pang, one throb of pain
When *I* am near to soothe *thy* woe,
And soothe it not in vain.

I wouldst not have *thee* ever feel,
Within thy swelling breast,
Those bitter thoughts which silent steal
To poison Nature's rest.

I wouldst not have *thee* ever tell
Of joys—of hopes now past ;
Of those dear hours when fancy's spell
Beamed bright—*too bright to last.*

I wouldst not have *thee* ever sip
Of other sweets, save *those*
Which, clust'ring on the ruby lip,
The *buds* of love *disclose.*

I wouldst not have *thee* ever fear
The *faith* of *my* pure love ;
Though all around is dark and drear,
Still *faithful* will *I prove.*

I wouldst not have *thee* ever think
All hope of joy is gone ;
And, from the future, trembling shrink,
Heartbroken, lost, alone !

No, *dearest*, *I* but wish that *thou*
Shouldst *smile* amidst thy tears ;
And let the *truth* of each *fond* vow
Calm *thy* still lingering fears.

My love, my life, my other soul,
My heart is truly thine !
My hopes and fears, in sad control,
Around my sorrows twine.

Soon will I *claim* THEE, DEAREST GIRL,
 As *mine*—"MY FAITHFUL WIFE!"
 While cherish'd love shall e'er unfurl,
 For *us*, the joys of life.

My love, my life! each fear dispel
 That blights *thy* joy's increase!
Love whispers "*All will yet be well,*"
 And bring *us* back *sweet peace*.

STANZAS.

THE pangs that rend each lonely heart,
 In vain the bosom seeks concealing;
 While thus our loves are torn apart,
 Dark grief through every vein is stealing.

If *lost* were each fond cherish'd tie,
 While angry Fate is still assailing,
 What then could cheer us but to die?
All else on earth were unavailing.

My *bosom* never knew deceit—
 My *heart* was formed *not* for deceiving;
 With falsehood never yet could greet
Thy breast, with love so fondly heaving.

My *tongue* ne'er knew the flatterer's art
 To *ruin*, while it feigned delighting;
 Nor *baser* hopes of love impart,
 To revel in their wanton blighting.

No, dearest! loving, faithful yet,
 I treasure each fond vow most dearly:
 Fear not; *I never* can forget:
 My *heart* is *ever thine* sincerely.

Though fate decrees that *hearts* as *ours*
 In bitter wretchedness must sever ;
 In silent anguish pass the hours
 In thoughts of joys now past for ever.

Faith, love, and truth, in sweet converse,
 Illume the darkness of each feeling ;
 It soothes the pangs of sad reverse,
 While peace its hopes is soft revealing.

They've sealed our parting, steeped each bliss
 In boundless grief ; thus left without thee,
 Save *love's* fond truth breathed in each *kiss* :—
My life, my soul, ah, never doubt me.

They cannot *blight* the buds of joy
 That blossom in my heart for ever ;
They cannot each quick thought *destroy*,
 That bids me, *sweet, forget thee never.*

They cannot *dry* the stream of love
 That yet within my soul is springing ;
They but my vows more dearly prove
My heart unto thy heart is clinging.

Love knows not *change* when spotless truth
 Pours in each vein its fire unceasing ;
 In peace or woe the soul of youth
 Glows *fervent, faithful, and unceasing.*

Love knows not *change* : its magic spell
 With bliss our hearts is sweetly filling ;
 On every hope its blossoms dwell,
 And joy through each fond soul is thrilling.

By every treasured thought I *vow*—
 By every token dearly cherish'd ;
My heart will *ever love* as *now*,
 Until all earthly things have perish'd.

By every still-remembered sigh—
 By each fond kiss in rapture given—
I vow me thine ! else let me die,
And, with me, all my hopes in heaven.

Still fondly hoping—dearly still
 'Gainst every evil persevering—
 I bow most humbly to *His* will,
Whose truth endures, Whose love is cheering.

Our *hearts* are *one*—save that *dear tie*
 Which *ratifies* our bliss for *ever* ;
Then, love, may we the *world* defy,
 Our *hearts*, our *joys*, on earth to *sever*.

My *own*—MY EVER FAITHFUL GIRL,
 Fear *not* from *thee* my thoughts estranging ;
 Though malice may its shafts yet hurl
 At me,—*my life, I'm THINE UNCHANGING !*

Then, *dearest Louie*, calm thy breast,
 That still with poignant grief is riven ;
 My *heart* shall be *thy place* of *rest*,
 My *soul* *THY paradise*—thy *heaven*.

STANZAS.

Do not think, my dear girl, when the bloom of thy youth,
 Like the rose, shall have faded away,
 That the passion we've cherished and rear'd in our truth
 E'er can change, love, or sink in decay.
 I can ne'er love thee coldly, adore thee the less,
 Though each beauty should glow dark and chill ;
 But *my soul* will *thy soul* in its truth fondly bless,
 And around thee entwine faithful still.

Shouldst thine eye shed no more the soft beam of desire,
 Or life's furrows o'ershadow thy brow ;
 Still my soul will my heart with affection inspire,
 And I'll love thee as fondly as now.

And when gazing with rapture upon thy sweet face,
 Whilst a tear may bedew thy soft cheek,
In bright fancy each beauty departed I'll trace,
 In that language *the eyes alone speak*.

I have watched o'er thy slumbers whilst, on my fond breast,
 Thou, in peace, hath reposed thy sweet head ;
When each moment of rapture yet made me more blest,
 Every bliss o'er my soul its gems shed.
Each cloud of dark sorrow—each pang I'll beguile
 That o'erspreads the sad paths of this life ;
I will bathe my true heart in thy bright sunny smile,
 As I clasp thee "MY OWN FAITHFUL WIFE."

Sad and gloomful the bosom of love ever glows,
 When its faith meets *not* faith pure and bright ;
With deep anguish the heart of the true only knows,
 Ne'er to revel in mirth or delight.
As the flowers of spring, plucked by man's wanton hand,
 Torn from life, droop and quick fade away ;
So the heart sinks bewilder'd on life's mournful strand,
 Unrequited, to fade and decay.

We will smile at the visions of love's blissful dreams,
 When we loved the first moment we met ;
When I read thy dear heart in the bright flashing beams
 Of thy dark eyes—*I ne'er can forget*.
Though the bosom to glow in life's setting may cease,
 And thine eye, love, be dimmed with a tear,
Our pure joys, as our years, shall, undying, increase,
 And I'll love thee, my angel, more dear.

We will laugh at the follies of those whom a few
 Call the wealthy, the happy, the free ;
My happiness blossoms where fondly it grew—
 Round the heart, dearest Louie, of THEE.
Let the world idly boast of its unchanging bliss,
 Which the vain seek in pleasure to find ;
Nought can equal the rapture that springs from *thy kiss*,
 Or the light that illumines *thy mind*.

Faithful ever, I'll guard thee from every harm
 That can sorrow thy bosom of snow ;
 "For *in thee* my fond heart feels the only true charm
 That hath cheered me in anguish—in woe."
 Like a star of sweet comfort it still gaily shines
 To conduct my lost steps to its home ;
 As the woodbine around the old casement entwines,
 So from **THINE MY** *fond heart* ne'er will roam.

Then, my dearest, unchanging, in peace we will glide
 Through the valley of life's troubled way ;
 I will cherish *thy love* in my soul's dearest pride,
 And preserve every joy from decay.
 As the sun sets at evening, next morning to rise,
 His bright glories o'er earth to impart ;
 So my soul sees its dawning of bliss in thine eyes,
 To relumine the gloom of my heart.

STANZAS.

My Angel ! when will my lone heart be restored
 To the bosom I tenderly love ?
 My warm soul, that hath ever thee fondly adored,
 Cannot faithless, on earth, to thee prove.

My sad heart is yearning for that moment dear
 Which again brings me *back, love, to thee* ;
 'Tis the bright star alone that my sorrow can cheer,
 And illumine my dark destiny.

My fond breast is glowing in rapture to feel
 Thy dear bosom in love's chaste embrace ;
 To again kiss away the sad tear that doth steal
 From thine eyes, whilst I gaze on thy face.

My lone breast is bursting its love to unfold
 Its fond hopes, its dear wishes to thee ;
 My sad eyes are keeping love's watch to behold
 Thy dear form—*ne'er to part*, love, from me.

My Louie, my angel, for *thee*—THEE ALONE—
Glow with love every pulse of my heart ;
My life, my dear girl that art ever mine own,
I cannot live from thee long apart.

In silence, in sorrow I mournfully grieve,
Life's gay moments in solitude roll ;
Oh, believe me, my angel, I ne'er couldst deceive
The fond idol of love of my soul.

Life is ever a path strewed with flowers of grief ;
A sad pilgrimage clouded by woe ;
Its bright sunshine is transient, glowing and brief,
Whilst the currents of anguish dark flow.

Still I cling to a world, love, I bitterly hate,
To an *angel* I *faithfully love* ;
And I bow with submission to my untoward fate,
That I trust my fond truth yet will prove.

Believe me, my Louie, I have not loved light
As the swallow skims o'er the clear lake,
Hov'ring o'er it, in circles of careless delight,
And then seeks the dark o'er-hanging brake ;

No, my angel of life ! I have loved thee as few
Can on earth love—most fondly sincere ;
With a warmth of affection, undying and true,
That hath made *thee* for *ever most dear*.

I have felt in my loneliness moments when life
Seemed a speck in this labyrinth of woe ;
When, surrounded by malice, deception, and strife,
My soul thrilled beneath the harsh blow.

I have felt that I cared not to part from a world
Fraught with faithlessness, sorrow, and woe ;
Where its arrows and stings at my fortunes were hurled,
Onward driven to boundless despair.

In my sadness, my heart hath been bursting with grief,
 Whilst my breast fearful heaved with its pain ;
 Lost, condemned, I have wished for the only relief
 That could snap this life's harrowing chain.

But my angel of love—of my soul—of my life—
 Yet was *faithful* FORGIVING, and *kind* ;
 In *thy soul* I behold *my own* FOND FAITHFUL WIFE,
 Where around every dear wish entwined.

Thou alone bid me live, bid me not to despise
 An existence long chequered by ills ;
 The pure lustre of love beaming from thy dark eyes
 Through each vein LOVE UNDYING distils.

My angel of life, may my soul shed true bliss
 O'er thy moments of sorrow, to cheer
 Thy deep sadness with love's warm and life-teeming kiss,
 And dry up the dark founts of each tear.

Thou art dearer to me than my life ; for thy love
 Sheds its beauties on earth but for me ;
 Life a desert of anguish too deeply would prove
 Were it not soothed by love and BY THEE.

Can I ever forget thee ? Go, bid the fierce king
 Of the forest to cherish his prey ;
 Bid the savage to heaven for salvation cling,
 Or this life be one ne'er-ending day.

Bid the trees shed their leaves not when winter's rude wind
 Stretches forth its harsh breath to decay ;
 Bid the waters be still ; seek fam'd Lethe to find ;
 Or bid Time his unerring course stay.

Can I ever forget thee ? No, LOVE ! though apart,
 Every pang, every sorrow we've braved.
Who wouldst bid *me* FORGET THEE, must pluck out the heart
 Upon which THY DEAR NAME IS ENGRAVED.

STANZAS.

My faithful girl, for thee yet glows
 With love my beating heart ;
 It cheers my bosom 'midst its woes,
 And soothes the rankling smart.

It bids me live to greet that day
 Which binds me, love, to THEE,
 When sorrows' clouds hath passed away
 In bright felicity.

It whispers I shall feel again
 Within my troubled breast,
 The rapture of love's blissful chain
 To make me ever blest.

It calms my anguish, and, with smiles
 Of trembling hope, reveals
 Bright dreams of joy, and soft beguiles
 The grief my soul conceals.

My soul's fond idol, oh, believe
 My heart's dear truth is thine !
 Think not my tongue couldst e'er deceive,
 And falsely vow thee mine.

Ah ! never couldst such falsehood vile
 Within my bosom dwell ;
 Ne'er couldst I wrong thee by such guile,
 I feel its pangs too well.

The world may wound me ; still I live
 Each vow's pure truth to prove ;
 'Tis God alone to man can give
 The fire of spotless love.

My lovely girl, I've loved to look
 Into thy beauteous eyes,
 To see myself there, as the brook
 Reflects the glowing skies.

I've loved when thou hast shed around
Thy gifts of tasteful art,
And thought, "can there on earth be found
Thy matchless counterpart?"

My heart hath throbbed, to view thee bless
With joy, thy circling friends;
And felt I ne'er could love thee less,
Nor cease—till this life ends.

God bless your heart, my angel love !
God bless your soul with peace !
May each fair day more happy prove,
And every joy increase.

Oh, deem *not* mine a wanton heart,
That flatters to betray;
To virtue's bosom love impart,
To blight and fade away.

My life, my soul ! truth is the dew
That nourishes love's fire ;
Though all condemn, *believe me true* ;
Oh, grant my soul's desire !

Thou star of bliss, my anxious arms
Expand with love to press,
Unto my heart thy glowing charms !
And every fault confess.

To learn from thee the truth of love,
Whilst clasped to thy fond breast,
Whilst magic fancy's wreath is wove
To glad my place of rest.

I'll sing, my girl, to thee, the songs
I've sung in former days,
When, for thy sake, the list'ning throngs
Pour'd forth the voice of praise.

I'll teach thee how to live for love,
Regardless of the strife
That, on this earth, too sad doth prove
The bitterness of life.

I'll tell thee tales of love and truth,
Of hearts, once warm and bold ;
Lost, broken-hearted, sunk in youth,
Once happy, long since cold.

I'll pour into thy list'ning ear
Soft vows of love and bliss ;
And dry the path of each warm tear
In truth's fond, burning kiss.

I'll watch *thy* slumbers, ever cheer
Thy moments when in pain ;
By *thy* dear side be ever near,
And soothe thee not in vain.

We'll dwell together in the light
Of tranquil joy and peace,
And taste of bliss, long, pure, and bright
No hand can blight, to cease.

And when long years of love have past,
The buds of sweet content
Will spread their beauties e'er to last,
And prove true love's intent.

I'll weave around *thee* truth's fond spell,
And whisper in thine ear—
“ My life, my angel ! can love dwell
In bosoms insincere ? ”

I'll list to hear *thy tuneful voice*
In happiness proclaim—
“ Thy name be praised—let me rejoice—
My Percy's still the same ! ”

I will not have thee once regret
The sorrows that are past ;
I'll teach thy bosom to *forget*
Those joys too bright to last.

As brighter far the sun doth shine
When storms are past and o'er,
So shall *thy joy* be ever *mine*,
And glow to set no more.

Though from thee parted, yet each thought
Is ever fixed on thee ;
Too deeply hath my soul been taught
Mankind's dark destiny.

I cannot view thy lovely eyes
Shed forth their streams of bliss ;
I cannot calm thy bursting sighs,
In one long, lingering kiss.

But soon "*thy truant boy*" will come
To claim *thee* HIS FOND WIFE ;
Again be welcome to thy *home*,
To *love*, to *joy*, to *life*.

Soon will our star of bliss arise,
And shed its beams around ;
And not one pang to dim our eyes
Shall in our breasts be found.

My dearest Louie, be at rest—
My faithful heart is thine ;
Oh, let *its truth* calm *thy lone breast*
And round *thy heart* entwine !

My angel love ! I feel the spell
That bids our sorrows cease ;
That brings me soon *again to dwell*
WITH THEE, IN LOVE AND PEACE !

STANZAS.

THE heart that once hath felt the spell
 Of love, of bliss, and joy ;
 Alone of anxious hopes can tell
 Of sorrow's dark alloy.

It tells how keenly souls can feel
 When love's soft fire glows,
 Within the bosom to reveal
 Life's sunshine, pain, and woes.

It revels in its dreams of peace,
 And in its truth doth spurn,
 The heart that would bid joy to cease,
 No more, love, to return.

It cannot know decay or change,
 Though fortune's ills betide,
 Whilst truth endures, nought can estrange
 The soul's fond spotless pride.

It clings around the sorrowed breast
 To soothe each swelling grief,
 It bids the bosom be at rest
 And seek love's sweet relief.

It stems the torrent of despair,
 When friends have *faithless* proved,
 And tell of joys more bright and fair
 To glad the soul's beloved.

It soothes us when the world's distress
 Hath steeped the heart in woe,
 And proves it ne'er can love thee less
 Though bitter is the blow.

It pours into our list'ning ears
 Sweet tones of love and bliss,
 And whilst fast flow the burning tears
 Yields forth love's faithful kiss.

Ah ! love, undying, most sincere,
To man such gems were given ;
Oh may we ever cherish dear
The gift of bounteous Heaven.

Such is true love my dearest life,
Such is the spell that chains
My soul to thine in calm or strife,
'Midst bliss or bitter pains.

Like thine unspotted gen'rous heart,
That *yet* still fonder glows,
So clings to thee my soul apart,
Midst grief's tumultuous throes.

Ah ! tell me not that weal or woe
Can ever change the heart ;
Love's fountains yet in rapture flow
And bids each pang depart.

I fain would have thee in my arms,
Where else, love, shouldst *thou be* ?
Who can adore thy beauteous charms,
So fondly, love, as me ?

Who can dispel the clouds of grief
That shadow thy sweet brow ?
Or yield thy bosom the relief
So much thou needest now ?

Did fate deny me not the power
To come and cheer thy heart ?
I'd fly to bless thee, and each hour
Should peace, and joy impart.

Would I could bare my burning breast
That love and hope conceals,
Then should those doubts, love, be at rest,
Thy anxious thought reveals.

My angel love, to THEE is due
 A world of spotless truth,
 Doubt not my soul will ever true
 Beat for thee as in youth.

I anxiously await the hour
 That gives me back "MY LIFE,"
 And ever bless that sacred power
 That makes thee "MY FOND WIFE!"

My life, my soul, in joy we yet
 Shall meet in bliss again;
 With smiles I'll teach thee to forget
 Each past and present pain.

I'll cheer thy bosom, calm thy breast,
 In *me* thou e'er shall find
 A soul of love to make thee blest,
 A heart through life most kind.

STANZAS.

My own girl, my angel, my heart wild is beating
 In sadness, in sorrow, for thee, love, alone;
 Whilst our bright hopes of bliss are in darkness retreating,
 Still faithfully LOVE beams, as first bright it shone.

Like the close of a bright summer's day has our sorrow,
 In grief veil'd the light of soft joy's sunny day;
 And in vain our wan eyes seek to welcome the morrow
 That brings us back rapture serenely and gay.

As the streamlet's soft murmurs, our hearts are repining,
 At the change *fate* has cast o'er the hopes of our bliss;
 Round thy soul, my dear Louie, my soul is entwining,
 As my lips silent niock the delight of each kiss.

Could the tears that are fast from my eyes warmly stealing,
 Tell the cause of their flowing, their anguish, and pain,
 They would speak of the fears my sad breast is concealing,
 And bid me no more taste of rapture again.

Oh ! my angel of love, my rent bosom is glowing
To press THEE in truth to my agonized heart ;
Hope its mantle of peace o'er each thought still is throwing,
To cheer my dull spirits, soft joy to impart.

It sings of bright moments that yet shall be streaming,
In fountains of rapture throughout my dark soul,
It bids us behold in its visions, the beaming
Of that lovely star, far beyond man's control.

Were I NEAR my SOUL'S IDOL to make her heart cheerly,
To soothe the sad hours of anguish and pain,
To tell in love's accents—*I love most sincerely*—
A love that has fetter'd my soul in its chain.

Oh, my heart it would burst, love, if to it were given
The power I pant for, to fly to thy side ;
Oh, 'twere worth years of sorrow to be then in HEAVEN,
And clasp to my soul its devoted sworn "*Bride*."

Soft I'd whisper, my angel, the fond vows undying
Of love bright and spotless I cherish for thee ;
I would mingle my prayers with thy bosom's deep sighing,
And make thee, my dearest, from grief ever free.

Yet, alas ! I am lonely, and silence is reigning
Within the confines of my chamber's lone site ;
My eyes through their tears to behold thee are straining,
To cheer the affliction that darkens each night.

Yet, my dear, dearest Louie, the future is bright'ning,
To gladden the thoughts of each sad aching breast ;
I will kiss the hot tears from thy dark eyes of lightning,
And make thee for ever, my angel, most blest.

Then be tranquil, my dearest, the veil of our sorrow
Ere long from the arc of our souls shall be cast,
And with eyes fixed on eyes we will welcome THAT morrow,
Which bids every pang, *love*, FOR EVER BE PAST.

STANZAS.

My soul's dearest idol ! in fancy I seek
 For a balm my lone feelings to quell,
 When thy beautiful eyes, that so eloquent speak,
 Shine no longer on me in love's spell.

Yet, though lonely, I feel, deeply feel in my breast,
 Thy sad anguish, thy sorrow and pain ;
 Every fibre's dilating to make thy heart blest
 And destroy thy afflictions' dark reign.

Every pulse beats for thee ; in my bosom I feel
 The warm throbbing of love, hope, and fear ;
 Every moment, now sweeter, fond visions reveal
 Of a happy and bright dawning year.

Like a valley long shadow'd by mists of the air,
 Has our bliss been shut out from love's light !
 We have met, we have suffered, have loved to despair,
 When had fled all our dreams of delight.

Through the depths of our souls sorrow recklessly fled,
 When of love—of each other bereft ;
 And this life, unavailing, could happiness shed,
 When no hope to redeem us was left.

Oh, my angel of love, let me bless thee with joy,
 And give peace to thy desolate heart !
 Let me chase from thy bosom the fears that destroy
 Every bliss, when fond loving apart.

Could I fly o'er thy couch, blissful moments to shed,
 In love's language TRUTH only can speak ;
 Could my bosom still pillow thy sweet gentle head,
 Could my lips kiss the tears from thy cheek ;

Couldst such rapture, this moment my dearest, be mine,
 What a world of delight would my breast
 Then contain, as I vowed my poor heart ever thine,
 And with unchanging love made thee blest !

I would drink from the streams of thy love-beaming eyes,
I would banish for ever thy tears ;
I would soothe the deep heaving of thy bitter sighs,
And subdue the dark storms of thy fears.

Not a moment should pass but in rapture and peace ;
Not one wish should be whispered to know
Disappointment, my dearest ; but joy should increase
As our hearts fonder still with love glow.

Can I *ever forget* it was THOU who didst give
To my heart, hope and faith to sustain
My misfortunes ; and taught me in VIRTUE to live
And despair not, for thy love, again ?

Can I *ever forget it* ?—no, dearest, believe
I shall treasure its mem'ry with joy !
Thou shalt feel that my heart loved not thee to DECEIVE,
Each fond vision of bliss to destroy.

When we've met, love, perchance my deep-wounded sad breast
Seemed not fervently glowing with love ;
Ah, believe me, it felt what could not be express'd !
Time my faith, my sworn truth, love, shall prove.

A new life is dawning ; sweet hope brighter shines
To illumine the gloom of my breast ;
It portrays in its glowing fate's latent designs,
And assures me *we soon* shall be blest.

I cannot longer live from my angel apart,
My fond soul struggles yet to be free ;
Fortune's tempests can never deprive my true heart
Of the affection I cherish for thee.

Who loves only in sunshine, and quickly forgets
Every thought when life's storms gather o'er
Our bright prospects, and fades as prosperity sets
And forsakes that it feigned to adore ;

Who can love thus so lightly, on earth ne'er can feel
 The sweet heaven of bliss hearts can know
 That can gather the blossoms true love doth reveal
 To those only for whom love doth glow.

WE have loved in life's sunshine, its storms, and its spite ;
 We have suffer'd as alone we can tell !
 And have gather'd in sorrow some buds of delight,
 Which, still faithful, we treasur'd too well.

My dear Louie, my heart is exulting with pride,
 As I feel our dark sorrows are o'er ;
 Longer not, I dare hope, shall my arms be denied
 To be absent from her I adore.

Oh, my angel of love ! in His goodness I place
 Every hope, every faith, that my heart
 Soon may gaze from mine eyes on thy beautiful face,
 And enfold thee no more, love, to part.

STANZAS.

My angel love, for thee alone
 My soul yet glows with fire !
 My beating heart is still thine own
 Till life's lamp shall expire.

Where is the charm my soul could bind
 Unto this world of woe,
 If love, the offspring of the mind,
 For me denied to glow ?

Were fate to sever from my heart
 The silken cords of love,
 'Twere death ! for e'en to live apart
 Deep agony doth prove

The eye may stream with burning tears ;
 The breast be rent with grief ;
 Love yet may rack the soul with fears,
 Whilst hope withholds relief.

Still there exists, amidst such ills,
A balm to soothe our pain ;
To give, love, subject to our wills,
And bring back peace again.

My soul's fond idol ! love is e'er
The Eden of the true ;
A spotless gem, surpassing rare,
Of pure, undying hue.

It cannot change as April skies ;
It fades not, save in death ;
It beams in thy dark, lovely eyes,
And dwells in thy sweet breath.

It bids the bosom deeply feel
For the long absent one ;
It bids the tear in silence steal,
When thou art sad—alone.

It fills the bosom with the thought
Of bliss, of joy, long past ;
And blights each hope so fondly fraught
With joy too bright to last.

My dearest Louie, couldst I fly
From this dark world to thee,
'Twould make me happy, there to die,
In bliss, in ecstasy.

I pant to clasp thee to my breast,
Where oft thy head hath lain ;
When thou with anguish wert oppress'd,
In sadness and in pain.

I live to mark thy sparkling eyes
In liquid circles move,
Wherein, as heav'd thy bosom's sighs,
I first read "thou didst love."

Ah ! teach me, dearest, yet to live
In peace, from thee apart ;
To my sad soul, love, patience give
To cheer my drooping heart.

Ah ! teach my bosom to conceal
The pangs it feels too well ;
Ah ! bid mine eyes no more reveal
The anguish of love's spell.

As the blue waters, when the wind
Of heaven braves the crest
Of each wild wave (by Him designed),
Tumultuous rears its breast ;

So heaves my bosom when the gales
Of life's dark storms wild rage
With vivid force, each joy assails,
No power can bid assuage.

But soon the sun that gilds the star
Of faithful, fervent love
In bright refulgence, pure, afar
Shall shine in truth above.

Then will I come to chase away
Each cloud of ruthless care,
And make the dawning of each day,
Succeeding, still more fair.

Clasped to my bosom shalt thou cling
Around my soul in bliss,
Whilst rapture spreads its shelt'ring wing,
Entrancing by each kiss.

My dearest girl, the stars that shine
In heaven's arc above,
Still witness, *I am ever thine,*
And *thou*, MY ANGEL LOVE !

STANZAS.

My life, my soul ! though thus we meet,
 Apart from those still dear,
 As thou my anxious heart doth greet
 With sweet affection's tear ;

Believe me, dearest, still I feel
 Devoted, love, to thee ;
 Though doom'd in secret thus to steal
 Love's bliss—no longer free.

Not time can teach me to forget,
 Not fate can cool the flame
 That glows intensely, fondly yet,
 And treasures thy dear name.

They cannot sever hearts as true
 As ours—that beat in truth ;
 They cannot rob love of the hue
 Of roseate, fervent youth.

Though still to part us they may try,
 And snatch from us each bliss,
 Still will I sip from thy dark eye
 Each tear, in love's fond kiss.

Ah ! let me clasp thee to my breast,
 A breast thou ne'er didst spurn ;
 The spark of love that makes thee blest
 Can never cease to burn.

In vain they bid us e'er to part,
 Or soothe our soul's regret ;
 They cannot teach the faithful heart
 Its idol to forget.

They know not how the soul can cling
 Around the fount of love ;
 Alas ! they feel not envy's sting,
 Which fate would bitter prove.

They may decide where love glows not ;
They may assert their right
Which gives to happiness life's blot,
And banishes delight.

They yet may blame a faithful soul
That clings to love and me ;
But they can never, by control,
Destroy my love for thee.

I fear not foes, I heed not friends,
Whilst thou to me art dear ;
They ne'er on earth can make amends
For that which they've made drear.

Cold as the cheerless winter's wind,
False pity sheds around
A balm delusive, most unkind,
Where nought but woe is found.

My life, my love, my dearest girl,
I laugh to scorn the tongue
That would the veil of grief unfurl
When joy's harp is unstrung.

I yet can smile on bitter grief ;
I yet can laugh at fate ;
Each thought of them is now as brief
As lasting is my hate.

No more, my love, let me be still,
The balm to soothe thy woe ;
Love's fire can never cease to thrill,
Can never cease to glow.

My love, my soul, my other life,
To thee all praise be given ;
Thou yet shall be my "faithful wife,"
And make life, love's bright heaven.

They may denounce my gloomful lot,
 And heighten each regret ;
 But though they would have me forgot
 I never can forget.

Blest be thy name, blest be thy love,
 Blest be our souls in bliss ;
 If not on earth, we shall above,
 Taste love's immortal kiss.

STANZAS,

SHOULD these lines be the last my sad heart dare indite
 To its dearly-loved idol ; ere yet
 Fate ordains the lone star of hope, waning, once bright
 In life's mournfulness, dearest, shall set ;

Ere the warm streams that rush thro' my quivering veins
 Chill, and there cease for ever to flow ;
 Ere my frame bends beneath life's deep anguish, its pains,
 And my bosom is riven with woe ;

Ere my tear-streaming eyes lose the soul of love's fire ;
 Ere my lips cease to murmur thy name ;
 Ere my spirit of passion fulfils fate's desire ;
 Ere the world, love, shall cease me to blame ;

Ere this life's joys and sorrows become as a speck,
 Which arouse to deceive those who love ;
 Ere my soul's cherish'd passion becomes but a wreck,
 And my lips cease in converse to move ;

Ere such blasts of rude evil burst over my head,
 And I bend as the oak to the wind ;
 Let me peace, my dear girl, round thee once more impart,
 And assuage the dark storms of thy mind.

Thou hast loved with a purity, constant and bright,
 That in death can alone cease to glow ;
 Joy and truth ever beamed from thy dark eyes of light,
 E'en when tears from their lashes did flow.

Thou hast hung o'er my moments of thrice-hallowed bliss,
When thy bosom hath pillowed my head ;
Whilst each lip clung to lip in affection's warm kiss,
And joy's mantle around us was spread.

Thou hast loved in the sunshine and fervour of youth ;
In those moments of rapture and joy,
Thou hast whispered of love in the accents of truth,
Which no power can ever destroy.

As warm friends we first met, oft we parted in tears,
Such as friendship but seldom doth feel ;
Then we felt, love, aroused to a dark world of fears,
Which in vain could our bosoms conceal.

Light as friends was our meeting, and sad was each hour
That would bid us to part to seek rest ;
Then we cherished, unconscious, a deep secret power,
That alone can make man truly blest.

Dear was friendship, my angel, when we too could claim,
That kind solace our hearts ever knew ;
Then our bosoms felt friendship was MORE than a *name*,
As it blossomed where first, love, it grew.

Oh ! 'twas joy when thy form met the gaze of mine eye,
When in nature's saloons we oft met ;
Then our souls glowed, as heaven illumined the sky,
When the sun in his majesty set.

Can we ever forget, love, we wandered in dreams
Of bright hopes most delusive and vain,
When we revell'd beneath joy's entrancing gay beams,
Now o'erclouded by sorrow and pain ?

And when parting, the heart-strings would twine round each soul,
As if life, love, and bliss were at stake ;
And each feeling awakened beyond all control,
Rent each breast, as our hearts they would break.

But when friendship, as flowers when budding retain
The sweet germ that shall nurture new life,
Whilst the leaves round its stem faithful ever remain
With new shoots, and fresh vigour e'er rife.

Then my bosom first throbb'd in a heaven of bliss,
Love illumined the depths of my soul ;
And my heart to my love never yet beat remiss,
As the needle is true to the pole.

I was happy—I felt then for ever, and thought
Not one moment could pass but in joy ;
But, alas ! too severely my heart hath been taught,
Bliss exists not without life's alloy.

I was happy, was *loved*, was the joy of a heart
Pure and faithful as heaven is bright ;
Then my coming ne'er bade the sad tear forth to start,
But was welcomed with smiles of delight.

I was happy to see THEE, MY LOUIE, so gay,
So enraptured, so gen'rous, and kind ;
We were happy, for love charmed the eve of each day,
As each heart round the other entwined.

I was happy to know thou wert happy, and flew
From life's labours to greet thee with bliss ;
I was happy in loving, most spotless and true,
A *love sealed* by thy chaste fervent kiss.

But the day of my destiny's past, and alone
My hot tears yet shall wash from my heart,
Those past errors for which I now deeply atone,
Which hath doomed us in sorrow to part.

Life to me is a mirror of darkness and pain,
Not a beam cheers its lustreless form ;
And I know not if ever its brightness again,
Can dispel the dark clouds of life's storm.

Joy to me is a reed broken, cast on the stream
Of life's deep troubled waters, to blight
The warm hearts that yet cherish the angel-born beam
Of *fond love*, ne'er to glow in its light.

Love to me is the soul of existence : I prize
Its fond spell far beyond else on earth ;
Blight its fervour and truth and it instantly dies,
Never more to joy there to give birth.

What to me is the world which I deeply despise,
Which I lastingly, bitterly hate,
Where I gaze but to see darker tempests arise,
To destroy every feeling elate ?

What to me is this life, if one heart did not feel
Love and faith for a heart nearly rent ?
My pure angel of love, thy sweet eyes yet reveal
Thou, to soothe me, by heaven was sent !

Thou wert given to me, love, to cheer my sad heart
And to nurture my patience with peace ;
Through each vein bliss and hope, in one stream, to impart,
And bid joy round my footsteps increase.

I do feel truly thankful that yet I am spared,
Though I linger in torture and pain ;
Thou, too keenly, my measure of sorrow hath shared,
Which I strove to conceal, love, in vain.

Oh ! I feel thou art torn from my bosom, no more
To shed joy round my heart in this life ;
In my moments of anguish I deeply deplore
I cannot call *thee my faithful wife*.

Though my soul fain would urge o'er thy will love's soft chain,
And would teach thee the world to defy ;
Yet, believe me, I never would sully that name,
To preserve which I'd cheerfully die !

They will rigidly, from me, my life, my soul keep,
From a bosom that beats still with truth ;
Pale and wan, they will teach me to drink, love, too deep
Of that cup which destroys life's gay youth.

They would teach thee to think, now, but light of a name
Thou still cherish, despite envy's voice ;
By the heavens above ! I yet love thee the same
As when love bade my soul first rejoice !

That bright halo of confidence, once that entwined
Round my name hath departed, no more
Shall that lustre bring back the once gen'rous and kind,
To forget my transgressions now o'er.

They will bind thee in duty, will urge their harsh claim,
Will enforce ! should'st thy heart but deny
To forget him, thy kind heart would'st never yet blame,
And leave him alone—lost—to die !

Loud their censure will wrong thy dear bosom, to think
Thy affections have been firmly set
On a heart, base, unworthy, wilt show thee the brink
Thou hast stood on, and bid thee forget.

Not a whisper shall pass my parched lips to destroy
Thy obedience, thy duty, thy peace ;
Let me never more taste of affection's soft joy,
If it bids thee from duty to cease.

Let me perish ere yet my sad heart should advise
Thee to aught that could wrong those from whom
Thy dear life is derived. No ; I then should despise
My own heart, and for e'er seal my doom.

No, my angel of life, I will not yet despair,
Though my spirits are broken and low ;
I will breathe forth thy name in my soul's fervent prayer,
Whilst this heart shall with life, with love glow.

I will try to be happy, tho' bitter's the task,
 When of thy notes dear solace bereft ;
 What of Heaven, midst sorrow, love, can I now ask,
 What to cheer me, my angel, is left ?

Fare thee well my lost flower, my bosom it grieves
 From its idol of love thus to part ;
 I would fain cast away hope's delusive gay leaves
 That concealed the deep thorn in my heart.

Fare thee well, tho' I wander alone, yet I vow
 Ere I part, love undying to thee ;
 My poor heart will e're glow with affection as now,
 An affection inspired by thee.

Fare thee well, yet, though breaking, my heart it can smile,
 Through the mist that obscures every bliss ;
 In its anguish it prompts me (each pang to beguile),
 That the world stings more bitter than this.

Fare thee well, my sweet flower, my own darling rose,
 Though the world, love, is false, I'll be true ;
 I will feed on the love thy bright eyes yet disclose,
 Whilst my heart whispers love's sad adieu.

Fare thee well ! There is ONE, dearest, reigneth above ;
 In His goodness, my angel, confide ;
 Let us hope He will shortly reward thy dear love,
 And restore thee to me "a fond bride."

God bless you. ADIEU ! ADIEU !

FROM A LETTER.

AND canst thou not forget thy grief
 That fills my bosom with its sadness ?
 Canst not thy Percy yield relief,
 And wake each feeling into gladness ?

Tell me why each soft hope and fear
 Fill thee with trembling e'er the morrow ;
 Let my fond heart thine smiling cheer,
 Shed bliss around, and check thy sorrow.

Think not, sweet peace hath yet estranged
 Its soothing balm from thee—ah, never !
 Or that thy fate must twine, unchanged,
 Apart from happiness for ever.
 Ah ! banish from thy troubled breast
 All thoughts of by-gone woes ; and cheerly
 Smile, and make thy Percy blest,
 Who, faithful, loves thee most sincerely.

 STANZAS.

TELL me, dearest, how to cheer thee ;
 Teach my bosom yet to feel
 Blest as when my soul is near thee,
 Which my heart can ne'er conceal.

Whilst deep pain is darkly stealing
 Through the channels of my breast,
 When thine eyes are love revealing,
 Whilst thou to my heart are press'd ;

Whilst thy bosom's gently heaving
 With love's warm and thrilling sighs,
 Not one tear of cold deceiving
 E'er bedew'd my streaming eyes.

Teach me, Louie, to be ever
 To thee loving, true, and kind ;
 Tell me, dearest, none can sever
 Love and me from thy pure mind.

Soft as heaven's light, thy glances
 Pierce and vibrate in my breast ;
 Sweet thy silv'ry voice entrances ;
 In thy smiles my heart is blest.

On thy brow love's gems are beaming
Bright as stars in lustre set ;
Crowned by tresses sweetly streaming,
In their silken curls of jet.

On thy neck in peace reclining,
Mocking its soft plain of snow,
Each bright lock is there entwining,
Love and sorrow—joy and woe.

Teach me, Louie, how to love thee
Dearer far each coming day ;
Let thy generous bosom prove me
Ever fond, without decay.

Bid me live, *by thee forgiven*,
Light and happy in thy love ;
Shed o'er me the peace of Heaven,
Mild and gentle as the dove.

As each bud of joy discloses
Hidden founts of spotless bliss,
Strew my couch with love's sweet roses,
Crown each joy with thy warm kiss.

Whilst each joy my heart's beholding,
Whilst thine eyes are sparkling bright,
Soft each beam is truth unfolding—
Let me revel in their light.

Come, my angel love, to bless me ;
Come and chase away each grief ;
To my heart I'll fondly press thee,
And will yield thee calm relief.

Thou to me art every treasure,
Every hope on thee is set ;
Life without could'st yield no pleasure,
For the heart can ne'er forget.

Who dare bid my heart no longer
Glow with love for thee, apart?
'Tis vain. Love's flame but kindles stronger,
And with fire surrounds my heart.

Let the world condemn my errors,
And pourtray each fault as vile :
Love hath robb'd it of its terrors,
Armed me 'gainst its reckless guile.

Still, my angel love, adoring
Thee, I feel not envy's sting,
Whilst my soul is wildly soaring
On the pinions of love's wing.

Though I feel my soul is sinking
Fast beneath the hand of grief,
From each joy in anguish shrinking
Sadly seeks my heart relief.

Yet I cling in life's declining
To the altar of thy love :
There my heart round thine entwining
Sighs for peace in heaven above.

Like an angel's voice to bid me
Live and hope for brighter days ;
So thy voice, which sweetly chid me,
Swells my breast with heartfelt praise.

Though our hearts have long been mourning
Deep and darkly o'er our woes,
Soon we'll glad those dreams returning
Which alone can bliss disclose.

As the waters placid flowing,
Sportive in light ripples play,
So shall love's sweet fount be flowing
With soft rapture light and gay.

Let me live to bless thy heart, love ;
 Let me die if fate ordains
 Mine from thy dear soul must part, love,
 In this chequered world of pains.

Like the Star of Bethl'hem shining
 In its pure and chaste array,
 So thine eyes are bright divining
 Love's o'erclouded thorny way.

Shine thus ever. Round thee ranging
 Truth and faith glow in their pride.
 Teach me thus to love unchanging
 When *thou art my faithful bride.*

Sweet shall be thy peaceful slumbers,
 Lulled by soft affection's voice :
 Love shall warble forth its numbers,
 And shall bid thy heart rejoice.

Thus, my dearest, will I cheer thee,
 Naught shall rival joy like this :
 I'll make for thee, when I am near thee,
 This sad earth a world of bliss.

STANZAS.

BRIGHT the heavens may shine in their glitt'ring array,
 And gay Nature enrapture the sight,
 As the nightingale sings her farewell to the day,
 Whilst each heart fondly beats with delight ;
 The wine-cup may flow, friendship's pledge pass around,
 As the throngs to the light music move ;
 Still within my sad breast joy can never be found
 Whilst I'm parted from thee, my own love.

Soft the languishing rays of the gold-beaming sun
 May with rapture illumine each breast,
 When his glittering course he hath regally run,
 And then sinks in grey twilight to rest ;

Sweet the tones of charm'd music may fall on the ear,
 Like the strains of *His* choir above ;
 Still for me not one hope can my lone bosom cheer
 Whilst I'm parted from thee, my own love.

Nature's wild buds may strew the dark path of Life's way,
 Joy's gay blossoms their fragrance may shed,
 Streams may 'neath the mild moonbeams fantastic'ly play,
 When the bright rays of daylight hath fled :
 What to me is this life, its false dreams or its joys,
 Which as thorns in our bosoms but prove ?
 Every bliss, every hope my sad fate yet destroys
 Whilst I'm parted from thee, my own love.

Friends may welcome my path with sincerity's smiles,
 Truth may gladden my soul in its light,
 Dazzling pleasure may twine round my heart its false wiles
 In its dreams of illusive delight ;
 But *not one* yields the balm that can light up my soul,
 Though affection hath fervently strove,
 Every hope of life's joy is beyond their control
 Whilst I'm parted from thee, my own love.

Though the world be all brightness, to *me* it appears
 One vast region of darkness and grief ;
 Though my sorrows dissolve in a fountain of tears,
 Still my heart feels from pain no relief ;
 Though I turn to the heavens my overcharged eyes,
 And in prayer seek relief from above,
 Still in anguish my gaze fades on heaven's bright skies
 Whilst I'm parted from thee, my own love.

There are moments of bliss this sad world sheds around
 We prize dearly, nor heed its brief stay.
 As this transient life so its joys—they are found
 Oft to fade with the setting of day.
 Give me not such false joys ; let me feel that life's bliss
 My fond hopes may in truth yet approve.
 Though I cannot be gay midst such sorrow as this,
 Whilst I'm parted from thee, my own love.

Though I fly to the East, to the rude ice-clad North,
 Though I search for sweet peace in the West,
 Though I cull from the South when its verdure bursts forth,
 Yet in vain seeks my bosom sweet rest.
 Not in caverns I'll seek, not in fountain nor spring,
 Nor within the soft nest of the dove ;
 Not one joy can my soul back to happiness bring
 Whilst I'm parted from thee, my own love.

But my brow will be lighted again with joy's smiles,
 My dim eyes beam with fervour and truth,
 Every thought, every feeling will lightly beguile
 Every pang as the visions of youth.
 Life to me, then, a garden of Eden will be :
 Its gay blossoms of promise will prove
 That my soul it is blest in possession of thee,
When united to thee, my own love.

STANZAS.

BUT one moment, my angel, with thee—and my heart
 In love's bliss hath forgotten its grief ;
 Though we meet, doomed by fate, from each other to part,
 Still our joy is resplendent—yet brief.

As the sun, proudly bursting through clouds that obscure
 His bright glory, no more overcast ;
 So my soul, in its happiness, now feels secure,
 That our sorrows will quickly be past.

With my dear girl 'tis sunshine ; without thee, this earth
 Is a valley of darkness and strife ;
 For, without thee to cheer me, what to me is worth
 The rude storms of this turbulent life ;

What can soothe my deep anguish, or give to my breast
 That content which alone can restore
 Every joy—now long past—if my soul is not blest
 With the angel I fondly adore ?

What can cheer me in sorrow—can calm me in woe—
If my Louie is not by my side,
To bid love's blissful streams in one current to flow,
Which, when parted, to me is denied?

Ah ! our moments passed gaily when last that we met
In love's solitude, dear to each breast ;
Those sweet moments, though fleeting, we ne'er can forget,
When with bliss each warm bosom was blest.

When thy head, love, reclined on my bosom in peace,
Whilst thy soft lips were pressed unto mine ;
Then I felt as my soul had, of joy, its increase :
None could brighter, for me, ever shine.

Can I ever forget the sweet smile which then played
O'er thy features, as lightly thou paced
O'er the cold earth to greet me and brighten the shade,
Which the smiles of my heart had effaced ?

Can I ever forget the soft fire that beamed
From thine eyes, love, to cheer my sad soul ?
Can I ever forget the hot tears that have streamed
From their channels, beyond love's control ?

No, my angel of love, I can *never forget* !
My fond heart will be ever the page,
Love, on which will be found, till life's sun cold doth set,
Thy dear name—which can change not in age.

As a flower cut off from its stem, drooping, dies,
And no more sheds its fragrance around,
Though the dew in rife fountains flows from the bright skies
To revive the lost germs in the ground ;

So my soul feels decaying when, from thee, apart,
Every joy, every hope quick hath fled ;
And I mourn, in the silence of my lonely heart,
That pure charm which life's lustre once shed.

But I feel once again to calm peace now restored,
My warm bosom is free from its pain ;
And I live in the smiles of that angel adored,
Who shall never feel sorrow again.

Whilst thy heart is in peace, mine will ever be free
From that anguish which blights earthly bliss ;
I am joyful, am happy, beloved still by thee ;
As each soul clings to soul in "love's kiss."

I have loved with a truth time can never estrange
Or diminish. My heart, love, is thine !
Leaves may fall, flowers wither, but "love knows not change,"
Whilst the lustre of truth still doth shine.

Grief may harrow the soul, may encircle each joy,
With its passion to blight every thought ;
It may wound, but on earth it can never destroy
The pure faith, love, the bosom, hath taught.

Friends may swerve from their faith, may by falsehood deceive,
The fond heart that once treasured each gem ;
All may change and decay, but, my Louie, believe
Me still faithful—though millions condemn.

From my truth, love, to thee, nought can ever me swerve ;
Every vow is attested by God !
Love and rapture possess the quick sense of each nerve,
Nor regards envy's chastening rod.

Joy shall yet spread his mantle to cheer us through life ;
Peace shall gladden the core of each heart ;
And, ere long, thou shalt be my own dear faithful wife,
Never more, in this world, love, to part.

My pure angel of love, to my bosom I've pressed
Thee, and vowed, midst my tears, I am thine !
And, as true to my vows, may our souls yet be blest,
When my Louie FOR EVER IS MINE !

STANZAS.

My angel love, my glowing breast,
 With truth, my soul inspires !
 Its generous influence makes me blest,
 And gilds love's soft desires.

I have not loved, but that I dare
 To call upon His name,
 That He, divinely, may declare
 The faith of my heart's flame.

I dare to turn my wearied eyes
 In fervent prayer above ;
 Whilst my fond soul, 'neath heaven's skies,
 Vows thee undying love.

Ah ! do not think I cannot read
 The truth, that on thy heart
 Is spotless writ ; or that I heed
 Not thy grief, when we part.

Too well I know thy gen'rous soul
 Would bid thee quickly fly
 To greet my love, beyond control ;
 And soothe each bitter sigh.

But there are moments in this life—
 We scarce can bid the breast
 Be calm amidst ne'er-ending strife,
 By sorrow long opprest.

Vain is the hope to calm love's fears,
 To soothe each silent pain,
 To check the torrent of our tears,
 And be in peace again.

We cannot teach the broken heart
 Forget its blighting woe ;
 The pangs we feel when forced to part
 On earth, we only know.

'The world appears shorn of its light,
And darkness yet doth reign
Where once 'twas loveliness most bright,
Where never once came pain.

'Then all was joy ; and not one thought
Of sorrow rent the breast ;
For love, the soul had falsely taught,
Should thus be ever blest.

It 'woke the bosom to behold
A charm in every glade,
It bid life's buds of joy unfold
Gems, not in vain displayed.

It bid us listen to the sound
Of streams, that through the dell,
In gentle rippling, shed around
Joy's transitory spell.

But all are changed. Life wears the veil
No longer : and its face,
Which once with magic did prevail,
Now boasts no lingering grace.

The fairy glade, the rippling stream,
The fragrant buds are gone ;
The skies no longer radiant beam
As formerly they shone.

Of earthly bliss, but one faint speck
Of all once bright, remains ;
Life is itself a worthless wreck,
A wilderness of pains.

'The world for me can work no spell
To soothe my lonely heart ;
My soul, in silence, feels too well
The wounds of envy's dart.

I fain would fly and bid adieu
 To that I deeply hate,
 To where not malice could pursue
 To war my hapless fate.

With one true soul—the only one
 I ever found sincere—
 With *her* I'd fly, and live alone
 With love, from every fear.

As a soft star to guide my way
 Aright, thy love should be ;
 Its beams around my heart should play,
 Blest ever, love, with *thee*.

One thought, one wish, one font of bliss
 Should dwell within each breast ;
 Our lips should meet in one long kiss,
 And *thus* be ever blest.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

OH ! bid us fly this cold and heartless earth
 Font of our sorrows, guardian of our birth,
 And plunge our souls in thee, O Solitude !
 Where no harsh thoughts or vices dare intrude.
 There reason rules with wild and gentle sway ;
 There virtue charms each bitter grief away ;
 There our sad hearts—alone—will ever find
 The gems of life that charm the tranquil mind.

Oh, Solitude ! When reason bids man fly
 This bitter world (let none its voice defy)
 To journey onward with uncertain tread,
 Nor view the storms fast gathering o'er each head ;

And, when between life's paths decreed to choose,
The one replete with virtue cold refuse ;
Then, plunging 'midst the follies of this life,
Mix with the throng in busy-stirring strife ;

Bid us seek solitude ; for there, behold !
Truth, Peace, and Love, their charms divine unfold ;
There wander, mid those glowing sylvan scenes,
Without one moment lost that intervenes
Between the quick succession of each thought,
The only school where truth is purely taught,
Afar from this false world's seductive arts,
And smile as dark, delusive vice departs.

Who would through this bleak world still seek to roam ?
Who views in solitude a peaceful home,
Estranged from all the sorrows of our youth,
Pursuing the heart's study after truth,
While peace administers its hallow'd rest
To soothe the troubles of the heaving breast,
To soothe the tempest of the ruffled mind,
That seeks to know for what it was designed.

Oh, Solitude ! 'tis thine to calm each grief,
To shed around our bosoms sweet relief.
Requite the warm affections of each heart
That, as twin currents, cannot flow apart,
Rent by each thought, each grief, as if but one,
Live for each other's happiness alone ;
And, smiling, bow, when this life's fleeting breath
Returns to heaven, while we sleep in death.

Oh ! let us turn away our wearied eyes
From all the world, a world I but despise ;
And, bending low in prayer before His throne,
Live but for God, for Truth, and Love, alone.
These are thy glories, thine, O Solitude !
That have from time eternal firmly stood,
And still will flourish while man's silent clay
Awaits the trumpet at the Judgment-day.

STANZAS.

My Louie, still believe me true,
 Though all would teach thee I'm deceiving ;
 Let malice still my steps pursue—
 My life, my soul, be still believing.

My heart is faithful, fondly, kind,
 Though with deep woe 'tis nearly broken ;
 But thou unto my harass'd mind
 The words of love, of peace, hath spoken.

Deep in my heart the wound I bear,
 Lies hidden from the world concealing ;
 My spirit droops in cold despair,
 Whilst tears are from my dim eyes stealing.

Ah ! think not, love, the placid smile
 That once upon my face was beaming,
 Sprung from a soul that can by guile,
 Love to deceive with falsehood teeming.

The days extend, the spring will come,
 The fields be deck'd with lovely flowers ;
 The tuneful songster's joyous hum
 Will glad the world's bright fleeting hours.

But ah ! for me not one bright spark
 Of joy, or peace will more be glowing ;
 My heart is sad, my soul is dark,
 Whilst sorrow's rivulets are flowing.

Once 'twas my bosom's dearest pride
 To greet the bright days' soft declining,
 That I might be my girl beside,
 When bliss around my heart was 'twining.

I loved to gaze upon a face
 That sweetly my warm breast enchanted ;
 A soul (but death can e'er efface),
 That every wish most spotless granted.

But oh ! my sad distracted breast
Reclines at eve, but not in sleeping ;
My aching heart denies me rest,
And bathes my pillow in its weeping.

Between the rocks of hope and fear
My soul in agony is steering ;
All now is dark, where once 'twas fair,
When every thought to me was cheering.

I often wish that man could cease
At will the mighty course of thinking,
And give to him in this world peace,
A world from which my thoughts are shrinking.

Yet could I find the potent charm
That could the past check its revealing,
I would not yield the treasured balm
For one that would mem'ry be stealing.

Ah, no ! my Louie, midst my woe
I would not seek, love, to forget thee ;
Though earth should ope my wounds to close,
And free me from all that beset me.

No, let me live whilst thy dear heart
Yet beats with love, with truth sincerely ;
When that hath fled let me depart,
All then is gone I treasure dearly.

It is the lamp that lights my soul,
That sheds around its purest lightning ;
It guides my heart with soft control
Midst all my anguish, yet is bright'ning.

It is my star of earthly joy
That bids me live by thee forgiven ;
Thy generous heart couldst not destroy
A heart already deeply riven.

Thou couldst not read, love, in mine eyes
 A light, deceptive, false affection ;
 Thou knowest too well how deeply sighs
 Speak of the soul's unfeigned dejection.

My angel love, ah, yet believe,
 Whilst tears my sorrows are revealing,
 My heart can never thee deceive,
 To blight those hopes now darkly stealing.

As pants my soul at the last day,
 To be eternally forgiven,
 Where nothing tastes of earth's decay,
 Amidst the sacred hosts of Heaven.

So swells my breast to hear thy voice
 Repeat those words thy heart hath spoken,
 To bid it yet on earth rejoice,
 And glad the heart now nearly broken.

STANZAS.

IN vain I strive my heart to cheer,
 To check the tears that fast are stealing
 From forth my eyes, whilst hope and fear,
 Joy, grief, and sorrow, are revealing.

I cannot teach my troubled breast
 To beat in peace, whilst ruthless sorrow
 Yet hovers o'er my couch of rest,
 And clouds with woe the coming morrow.

My love, my life ! for me in vain
 The skies in Heaven's light are glowing ;
 I ne'er can feel on earth again
 Sweet peace while sorrow's streams are flowing.

Ah, no ! my angel, bless thy heart,
 Thy generous soul is still believing ;
 And doomed to suffer thus apart,
 Thou canst not think my heart deceiving.

Oh ! bless thee dearest, let the voice
Of love, of truth, be treasured dearly ;
My soul still bids thy soul rejoice
In love's pure accents most sincerely.

They may traduce the stricken mind,
With censure e'en to blight its gladness ;
They may be to my sorrows blind,
And plunge me in the gulf of madness.

They may condemn, as some have done,
My errors, whilst my soul is riven
With bitter anguish, yet, still one,
Thank God, long since hath all forgiven.

Though loud the tongue of envy strove
To blight my hopes of bliss for ever,
Yet still they could not shake thy love,
Although they doomed our hearts to sever.

They knew not that true love ne'er dies
On earth, while truth can fondly treasure ;
The spotless fire they may despise,
And strive to poison every pleasure.

They know not that the faithful heart,
E'en when its strings are nearly broken,
Can ne'er forget, while forced apart,
The vows, the truth, the soul hath spoken.

They know not that alone decay
Can blight the hearts they seek to sunder ;
They cannot wrench the chain away,
To keep the faithful spirit under.

Ah, no ! my dearest, while thy love
Yet sheds around my soul its lightning,
Each dart they aim will harmless prove,
And cheer my heart while hope is bright'ning.

They know me not, who can deny
To me the will my faith redeeming ;
Let them condemn, I will not fly
From that dear spot where love is beaming.

My love, my life, my dearest girl,
I care not whilst thy love can cheer me ;
Fate may its shafts around me hurl,
But oh, my Louie, never fear me.

With me thou yet shalt long be blest,
Shall tell of love and truth undying,
My smiles shall calm thy troubled breast,
And soothe the anguish of thy sighing.

'Twill be my pride to hear thee say
"How deeply have they wronged my heart," love ;
To see the smile as light and gay,
As once thou smiled, no more to part, love.

I'll strive to banish each regret,
I'll bless thy smiles, my love, most dearly,
I'll teach thy bosom to forget
The past, and love thee most sincerely.

By thy dear side I'll ever be
When this life's duties, love, are over,
My smiles, my faith, my constancy
Shall in the husband PROVE the lover.

If sickness should oppress thy mind,
And thy dear heart again be mourning,
My dearest Louie, thou shalt find
My soul wilt seek thy joys' returning.

My angel love, my soul, my life,
Though fate our hearts hath been oppressing,
I'll glad the day when THOU'RT MY WIFE,
A day that brings me every blessing.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE IDOL OF MY SOUL.

SWEET gem of earth ! still bright for thee
 The glowing sunbeams yet are seen,
 Beneath whose fire the heart bounds free,
 As spring the buds in mantle green.
 Sweet gem of earth ! as if but now
 In happy smiles did'st wander thou
 In health and joyfulness gay clad ;
 But where blest peace did once abound,
 And shed its blissful pearls around,
 The heart still faithful now is sad.

Sweet gem of earth ! to fate's dread power
 The soul in thrilling sorrow bends,
 And anguish with each coming hour
 In grief, in its bitterness quick blends.
 Sweet gem of earth ! thy lovely mould
 Still hopeth, as life's buds enfold
 Their beauties, to make sorrow gay ;
 But what is life, if joy avails
 Not, as a balm when woe assails
 To teach each lingering hope decay ?

Sweet gem of earth ! thy wild harp shake ;
 Ah ! let me catch the joyful lay
 Thy trembling hand can yet awake
 From music's soul, a chord still gay.
 Sweet gem of earth ! for thee alone
 One heart to God doth still atone,
 For moments it hath fraught with pain,
 One prayer, one sigh, one burning tear,
 For one that still to love is dear,
 And then be happy once again.

Sweet gem of earth ! the moments roll
 Estranged from thee, from love, and bliss,
 To cheer the drooping of one soul
 That loves, e'en plunged in grief's abyss.

Sweet gem of earth ! the starry skies
 Hath witness'd love's devoted sighs
 'Neath twilight's soft retiring gleam ;
 But soon the arc of God shall rest
 On two fond souls most spotless blest,
 United in love's happy home.

God preserve thee !

STANZAS.

THERE is an age most fearful, when
 The golden dreams of youth
 Dissolve in air as fading, then
 Bursts forth life's hidden truth.

It is an age of peril, dark
 And clouded as the morn,
 That weaves around hope's trembling spark,
 The poison of its storm.

It is an age that tells of woe,
 Of disappointment's sting ;
 It hurls destruction at one blow
 Upon black envy's wing.

It is an age when youth's warm hand
 Extends to grasp the flame
 Of lambent joy—alas the brand,
 But boasts an empty name.

It is the age when the fond heart
 With horror views each charm,
 Fast dying—but the fatal smart
 Outlives life's choicest balm.

'Tis then we learn that hope hath told
 As idle tales of joy,
 And fortune's favours then unfold
 The spells that but destroy.

'Tis then we feel the ceaseless pang
That ne'er shall pass away,
When faithless friendship shows its fang
(Long hidden), to betray.

'Tis then we learn that pleasure's beam
(As rainbows glow and fade),
But shines to wake us from joy's dream,
And plunge our hopes in shade.

'Tis then we find that sorrow lives
When all of joy hath past,
And that each bliss this false world gives
As shadows transient last.

'Tis then we feel that which before
Seemed beautiful and bright,
Hath changed to smile for us no more,
Or wake us to delight.

It is a fearful time of life
When youth hath lost its form
In hardy manliness, but rife
With many a bitter storm.

'Tis then we meet those ceaseless pains
Which peace and hope destroys,
And find that nothing scarce remains
Of youth's bright fancied joys.

Ah ! what is life thus closely shorn
Of every bud of bliss ?
What can restore the heart when torn
By sorrow like to this ?

Blest hope ! one golden dream yet stays
To glad our fading sight :
It lives to gild our coming days
With peace and calm delight.

It sheds around the trembling heart
A charm nought else can give,
And soothes the anguish of each smart,
In one bright dream to live.

Whilst dark realities surround
The truths of hope to prove,
One principle will yet be found
In pure and faithful love.

Ah ! can such bliss yet compensate
For years of bitter woe ?
Can such bright happiness, though late,
Exist on earth below ?

My angel love ! the glowing spell
I feel can heal life's smart ;
Each gloomful thought can quick dispel,
And glad the faithful heart.

Thus, let us hope, our lives may be
Yet blessed with love and bliss ;
No other hope remains for me,
No joy but pure as this.

My life, my soul, 'twill soon be o'er,
My soul will be at peace ;
Give me but THEE—I ask no more—
Ere life's sad reign shall cease.

STANZAS.

WHILST Nature's silence reigns around, methinks I hear thy voice,
In tones of love and fervency, soft bid my heart rejoice ;
It thrills throughout the confines of my agonizing breast,
To calm the torrent of my grief, and soothe my soul to rest.

And yet—I would not—could I stay the warmly gushing tear
Now trickling down my pallid cheek, to love, to virtue dear ;
I would not but one wish were mine, then would each pang quick
 cease,
To have thee ever by my side, long blest with joy and peace.

I cannot teach my wounded heart to laugh the world to scorn,
When every nerve and feeling hath too deep by woe been torn ;
'The poison steals through every vein, as if all hope had past,
And who can say the moment that of life shall be the last ?

But for my love ! the last fond sigh that trembles on my breath,
Will be that sigh which bids adieu to all in tranquil death ;
No other wish will animate my fleeting soul but this,
Seal thy forgiveness on my lips with love's expiring kiss.

But do not droop, though grief should bring this life to its sweet
 close,
The tomb is inaccessible to all malignant foes ;
And the panged spirit finds, amid the kindred souls above,
The bright reward, denied on earth, of pure undying love.

In those blest realms we yet shall meet, where falsehood is un-
 known,
Where sacred joy eternal reigns in spotless bliss alone ;
Then peace will quickly fill again the soul, as Noah's dove
Returned to fill his faithful breast with God's unchangeable love.

My love, my life, I cannot long exist from thee apart ;
I feel the silent workings of a fond—now breaking heart ;
But I can call upon His name, in sweet, in fervent prayer,
Can gaze upon blest heaven's arch, and hope to find peace there.

My bosom long hath been a target, but too reckless set,
To brave the arrows of a world, my heart would fain forget ;
For me—I care not—let them fill my cup of destiny,—
My heart alone is bleeding for the wounds I've given thee !

I once could smile, though oft a sigh would vibrate thro' my
breast,
For days of sorrow then long past—my Louie knows the rest ;
And had I thought the morning sun of our fond loves could
know

So dark a tempest at its noon—spared should have been the blow.

But all are past of those bright days which bathed our souls in
bliss ;

Ah ! little thought we, when so blest, it e'er would come to this ;
Alas ! it proves the bitterness of pain that greets our birth,
Ne'er leaves the bosom whilst the heart's a tenant of the earth.

I try to cheer my mournful breast, but no—it is in vain—
The moment that ensues, too faithfully brings back life's pain ;
I may by brief abstraction, seem again to wear a smile,
Alas, 'tis but the wreck of one that once hath beamed awhile.

My faithful flower, thou alone hast shed love's blest perfume
To cheer my heart, and by its light my bosom dear re'lume ;
But woe for me—the trembling light thy constant heart inspires,
Lives but a time, and 'mid the storms of this sad life expires.

I care not for a life, each moment still more I despise,
I care not for a world that charms in falsehood's faithless guise,
I care not for the wrongs my heart hath deeply undergone,
If I had known, and felt the anguish of each sting alone.

But thou the partner of my joy, hath deeply shared each woe,
And like the tempest-riven oak, is sinking 'neath the blow ;
Ah ! vain it is for mortals here on lasting peace to dwell,
When sorrow's poison secret works in man its potent spell.

MY ANGEL LOVE ! to thee I've vow'd unchanging faith and love,
Fate hath conspired to rob me of the charm their truth to prove ;
Nought else is left me but to hope that each past fault forgiven
By thee, my girl, may be forgot when we shall meet in heaven.

STANZAS.

THE day of my destiny's over, I feel,
 And dark sorrow hath faded away ;
 Every hope of pure happiness seems to reveal
 Joy's bright sun to illumine each day.

My heart, that had lost nearly all of its fire,
 That had trembled beneath its deep woe.
 Now is wakened to joy—every ray doth inspire
 My soul in love's pure spotless glow.

My bosom, long riven with sadness and grief,
 Is now cheerful, though heaving with fears
 That the future gay hopes may on earth be but brief,
 And give vent to the font of my tears.

I am lonely, my angel, yet still I am blest
 In the faith of thy undying love ;
 The thought bathes my soul in a heaven of rest,
 Such I hope as eternal will prove.

I can laugh at the wounds joy will speedily heal,
 I can smile upon sorrow when past ;
 But my heart in its fervour can never conceal
 The calm bliss I but pray long may last.

I have fed upon hope, I have welcomed each beam
 That inspired my bosom with peace ;
 I have prayed in my anguish for that fabled stream
 That alone canst bid memory cease.

But a new life is given, I feel, to my heart ;
 Every thought glows at once gay and bright,
 And my soul tells me soon we shall meet ne'er to part,
 Every moment be crowned with delight.

Oh ! my angel of love, of my soul, of my life,
 Let me revel in fancy's bright dream,
 Let me hope soon these arms will enfold *thee* A WIFE
 And through life glide on love's spotless stream !

Oh, my dearest, my fondest, I care not for all
The sad wrongs this false world hath bestowed ;
I would not if I could one past rapture recall,
Or the coming of evils forbode.

No, my Louie, my own girl, I once more shall be
Ever happy, surrounded with bliss,
When kind Heaven hath given thy dear self to me,
When that tie, love, is sealed by thy kiss.

Fond as thou e'er canst wish me, my love, I will be
Faithful ever, most loving, most kind ;
I will shed every joy in love's rapture o'er thee,
And compose in sweet peace thy panged mind.

I will sing to thee, dearest, the songs I have sung
In our moments of rapture divine ;
I will cling to thy heart as my heart ever clung,
And in every thought, dearest, be thine.

I will cheer thee in sadness, will chase from thy brow
Every cloud that shall dare settle there ;
I will love thee as truly, my angel, as now—
I will love though it lead to despair.

I will watch o'er thy slumbers, will cherish each joy
That can make my dear Louie more gay ;
I will banish all sorrow that fain would destroy
The bright sunshine of each coming day.

I will kiss from thy eyes each warm tear that may steal
From their lids when with joy ever blest ;
My warm heart to thy heart shall its faith e'er reveal
As I clasp thy dear form to my breast.

Then my angel, my soul's dearest idol, our hearts
Shall ne'er glow but with love and with truth ;
And as year after year in its fleeting departs,
Still we'll love as we loved in our youth.

But one wish, but one thought shall possess each fond soul
But one joy shall be found in each breast ;
And as time, e'er unceasing, shall yet onward roll,
Every moment shall make us more blest.

My dear Louie, I'm coming to claim *thee* from *those*
Who are dear to my heart even still ;
And as spotless as once, so my heart fervent glows,
Now returning to joy from life's ill.

I will bless thee for ever, will treasure that day
When we first, but as *friends*, dearest, met ;
It will glad my fond heart, love, to hear thee e'er say,
Not one moment can bring thee regret.

My sweet angel, my bosom is beating with joy,
Bliss is thrilling throughout my warm breast ;
Nought I feel e'er again can impart its alloy
Whilst with love and my Louie thus blest.

STANZAS.

THERE is an *eye* that sparkles bright
With love, with truth, for me ;
Whose jetty fringe beams in its light,
In fitful destiny.

There is a *brow* those eyes illumine
With radiance, soft and kind ;
That speaks amidst life's cheerless gloom,
The treasures of the mind.

There is a *cheek* on which the glow
Of health its tinge had spread ;
Though wan and pale is that cheek now,
Since joy's bright morn hath fled.

There is a *lip* of roseate dye
Mine oft hath fondly press'd ;
And drank of love in each warm sigh,
Whilst thus transcendent bless'd.

There is a *lock* of silken jet
More dear to me than aught
This world can boast—though sorrow yet
Hath turned to grief each sport.

There is a *bosom* where my head
Hath lain in nature's rest ;
When love and joy their gems had spread,
To bid my soul be blest.

Within that bosom beats a heart—
Oh God, be praised, 'tis mine !
Though yet it trembling beats apart,
From where it should entwine.

There is a *form* that glads mine eyes
Whene'er it meets my view ;
A form I fondly, dearly prize,
Unchanging—still most true.

There is a *hand* I proudly claim,
And treasure as my own ;
That renders back thy virgin name
To Him who giveth alone.

But there is not a single charm
For me in this world left ;
No mortal font can yield a balm,
When of thy soul bereft.

I care not for the glowing skies,
They shine on me in vain ;
I heed alone the flower I prize,
I long to press again.

Oh, bring me back the smiles I bore
Once on my careworn brow ;
Give me that soul, I shall adore,
As faithfully as now.

I, trembling, fear to gloomful hate
All earthly bonds hath changed ;
Forgive me, love, my untoward fate
From man, my faith's estranged.

I can forgive, but cannot take
The hand that aimed the dart,
When life—when love—were all at stake,
To wound my beating heart ;

I can forget, but there are wrongs,
In vain I teach my soul
To steep in peace ; to life belongs
No power of such control.

No, rather let me be forgot
By each—by every one,
Who long have strove to make my lot,
In life, wretched, alone.

I can forget the world, for love
Hath given to my heart
A world that ne'er can falsely prove
Where truth gild's every part.

Mine is a world where no alarms
Can ravage more my breast ;
It glows replete with love's pure charms,
And bathes the soul in rest.

None other, save myself, can know
The gems therein contained ;
Or drink of bliss, in love's pure flow,
Confiding—unrestrained.

My angel love, a world of bliss
To me is love and thee !
Give me thy hand, and one fond kiss
Shall seal our destiny.

FRIENDSHIP.

“ Sans l'ami du cœur le vie est un pèlerinage triste.”

THERE are moments in life darkly chequered with woe,
Which vibrate through the depths of the heart ;
And its joys quickly fade in this world's chilling glow,
As the sunbeams at evening depart.
When the bosom is stung by deception and guile,
And the soul is awakened to fear ;
Naught can soothe its deep anguish like friendship's warm smile,
That sweet smile which can dry sorrow's tear.

When the blossoms of joy in life's coldness hath set,
To decay where alone they should bloom ;
When each thought fills the bosom with bitter regret,
For that sunshine now lost in life's gloom.
What is left to enliven the bosom once blest
In its Eden of faith, love, and truth,
But that charm which can soothe our deep troubles to rest—
The undying, pure friendship of youth ?

Eyes may flash in love's fire, supreme in its light ;
Hearts with fervour unchanging may glow ;
Souls may revel in dreams of entrancing delight,
Whilst the stream of life's joy gaily flow :
But when joy's rosy path hath become dark and drear,
And our souls writhe beneath falsehood's smart ;
Then alone can dear friendship with truth brightly cheer
The sad clouds of the deeply wronged heart.

As the needle e'er faithfully points to the pole
'Midst the dark wreck of power and pride ;
So points friendship to gladden the lost drooping soul,
When all other sweet flowers hath died.
Storms may threaten in vain, worlds to flourish may cease,
Foes may blight the fond hopes of the breast ;
But where friendship is found, there the blossoms of peace,
Ever blooming, will make the heart blest.

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.

TO LOUISA.

Who, and what gave to me the wish to woo thee,
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee ?
Who made thy glances to my soul the link,
Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink,
My life in thine to sink ?

As from the conqueror's unresisted glaive,
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave ;
So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly,
Yields not my soul to thee.

Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart ?
Is it because its native home thou art ?
Or, were they brothers in the days of yore,
Twin-bound both souls, and in the links they bore
Sigh to be bound once more ?

Were once our beings blest and intertwining,
And, therefore, still my heart for thee is pining ?
Knew we the light of some extinguished sun,
The joys remote of some bright realm undone,
Where once our souls were one ?

Yes, it is so ! and thou wert bound to me
In the long-vanished Eld eternally ;
In the dark troubled tablets which enrol
The past, my muse beheld this blessed scroll,
One, with thy love, my soul.

Oh, yes ; I learned in awe when gazing there,
How once one bright inseparate life we were ;
How once one glorious essence as a God,
Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trode,
All nature our abode.

Round us in waters of delight, for ever
Voluptuous flow'd the heavenly nectar river ;
We were the master of the seal of things,
And where the sunshine bathed truth's mountain springs,
Quivered our glancing wings.

Weep for the godlike life we lost afar—
Weep, thou and I its scattered fragments are ;
And still the unconquer'd yearning we retain,
Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,
And grow divine again.

And, therefore, came to me the wish to woo thee,
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee ;
This made thy glances to my soul the link,
This made me burn thy very breath to drink,
My life in thine to sink.

And, therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive,
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave ;
So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly,
Yieldeth my soul to thee.

Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,
Because, beloved, its native home thou art ;
Because the twins recall the links they bore,
And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,
Meets and unites once more.

Thou, too—ah ! there thy gaze upon me dwells,
And thy young blush the tender answer tells ;
Yes, with the dear relation still we thrill,
Both lives, tho' exiles from the homeward hill,
One life—all glowing still !

STANZAS.

YET shines for me one star above,
A star all others far outshining ;
Within me glows a world of love,
Around my heart its buds entwining.

Blest Hope ! I've woo'd thee as a bride,
Whilst every nerve was wildly beating ;
I've panted for that bliss denied
My glowing heart, in life's retreating.

I've hung upon thee, whilst my tears
Burst forth as they would flow for ever ;
But joy dispels my darkest fears,
And tells me none our hearts can sever.

I've marked the dawning of thy beams,
And sought to gather from their glowing,
A balm to heal black sorrow's streams,
And bid them stay their lifeless flowing.

I've watched thy setting—ah ! no more,
I could not gaze, my soul affrighted
Shrunk from the view—when all seem'd o'er,
And every joy on earth fell blighted.

Again I gazed—blest be His name,
Who chid my soul by sad denial ;
Let man be sure, be his all blame,
That heaps on him life's direst trial.

I live again ! around my heart
The streams of love, of peace, are flowing ;
I now can smile beneath the smart
That chill'd my bosom 'midst its glowing.

My love, my life, the only one
Of earth's sweet flowers left to cheer me,
Complete what thou hast thus begun,
And be, my angel, ever near me.

Oh, come and bless my heart with peace,
Whilst through each vein love is distilling
Sweet dews of bliss in blest increase,
Each portal with its incense filling.

I now can smile—the goal is past,
My hopes are crowned that once were riven ;
I've triumph'd o'er life's baneful blast,
Live to forgive and be forgiven.

Come then to cheer, to bless my heart,
Come, love, tho' tears are lightly stealing ;
Come to my arms no more to part,
Come, love, whilst hope is bliss revealing.

As stemming safe the boist'rous gale,
The barque at length in peace reposes ;
So 'gainst my love shall none prevail,
Whilst thou'rt my shield, my queen of roses.

Adieu ! we soon shall meet to gaze
Into each other's souls now bright'ning ;
Grief's night hath fled, and joy's calm days
Shall at each dawn disarm woes' lightning.

“Non sum qualis eram !” ADIEU.

STANZAS.

CANST thou doubt if I love thee yet fondly the same
 As I first loved thee, dearest ? Ah, no !
 Do not seek my affection, my angel, to blame ;
 It can never a change, on earth, know.
 Doth my kisses lack fire, my whispers lack truth ?
 Do I clasp thee less fond than before ?
 Doth mine eyes shed not rapture—the rapture of youth—
 Or my heart beat as love now wert o'er ?

Ah ! my soul's spotless idol, far dearer thou art
 Than when first I wooed thee as my own !
 Nor e'en distance nor time could estrange my fond heart,
 Or teach it its love to disown.
 I have loved thee in sunshine, in sorrow, in gloom,
 I have loved thee amidst the world's hate ;
 And I ever must love thee whatever sad doom
 Yet may seal my mysterious fate.

Oh, my angel of love, life, of joy, hope, and bliss,
 My pure star of life's rapture ! believe
 That as spotless as ever is love's burning kiss,
 That ne'er glowed thy dear heart to deceive.
 I have loved thee alone for thyself ; not a thought
 Of aught else ever entered my breast ;
 For THYSELF STILL I LOVE THEE, and ne'er canst be taught
 That, without truth, our souls can be blest.

For thyself I am ready to brave all the world ;
 For thyself I'll defy e'en the darts
 That can cross us, by envy, or worse feelings, hurled
 To destroy the dear hopes of our hearts.
 I heed not, I feel not, whate'er may betide,
 Whatever may seek to crush me,
 If my fate yet may place me, my girl, by thy side,
 E'er to live or to perish with thee.

STANZAS.

"It is heaven, my angel, with thee."

THERE are moments of bliss when the heart
 Feels its pulse as though each were its last,
 When love's fount yields alone that deep smart
 Which embitters the dreams of the past.
 Still, one charm, most divine, never dies ;
 Which the storms of this world but improve ;
 'Tis the bright truth that beams in thine eyes
 When our souls meet in undying love.

Though the pang which prostrates every joy
 Clings around each fond wish of the heart,
 And, in trembling, but blooms to destroy
 The warm souls it yet labours to part ;
 Still, that pure and invisible chain
 Which entwines round each thought, hope, and fear,
 Binds our heart e'en still closer again,
 And engenders love's sunshine more clear.

The cold world may deny us its charms,
 It may frown on our happiness pure ;
 But *our* world is our *hearts*—and *these arms*
 The *blest haven* where *thou art secure*.
 Then, oh, fly to me quickly ! I burn
 With impatience to press thee again
 To a heart thou hast ne'er learnt to spurn,
 Or a love thou wilt never disdain.

Whilst my senses untainted endure,
 Whilst my soul loves unbiassed and free,
 Whilst my heart can exult in its pure
 And undying affection for thee ;
 Whilst sweet memory continues to trace
 Every bliss, every joy we hath known,
 Not e'en heaven or earth canst efface
 This dear truth—"THOU ART EVER MINE OWN !"

What is love, my dear girl, without truth?
 What is bliss, if not spotless and bright?
 What is wealth, what is fire and youth,
 If the heart only loves to the sight?
 No, my angel of love! when away,
 It canst commune with faith and with joy.
 If but true, love can ne'er know decay—
 If but fervent, none can it destroy.

Then fly to thy "own love;" these arms
 Yet are trembling to welcome its dove,
 And my soul seeks to bathe in thy charms,
 Consecrated to truth and to love.
 Oh, "come quickly!" Each pulse of my heart
 Is near bursting with pure ecstasy!
 May we soon meet, ah, never to part,
 For 'tis heaven, my angel, with thee!

STANZAS.

Hope on, hope ever!

HOPE on, hope ever! 'tis the star
 That guides love on its way;
 It sheds its lustre from afar,
 More bright than golden day.

Hope on, hope ever! dost thou fear
 To trust the potent charm?
 Doth not its sound but mock each tear
 That speaks the soul's alarm?

Hope on, hope ever! 'tis the pole
 Of love's magnetic power;
 It dwells within the fervent soul,
 And cheers each fleeting hour.

Hope on, hope ever! tis the voice
 Of angels' sweet command;
 It bids despondency rejoice,
 Throughout the stricken land.

Hope on, hope ever ! in that sound
Is centred all of bliss ;
'Midst heaven's mercy it is found,
Sealed by an angel's kiss.

Hope on, hope ever ! onward, on,
The race of life is o'er ;
Where hope is found not, life is gone,
And stranded on fate's shore.

Hope on, hope ever ! 'tis the sign
Of hearts that faithful love ;
It wakes the thoughts to bliss divine,
Its mighty hand to prove.

Hope on, hope ever ! life has not
A charm to rival this ;
It breathes in every sacred spot,
Long hallowed by love's bliss.

Hope on, hope ever ! 'tis the dance
Of life's eventful dreams ;
It yields our hearts to its sweet trance,
And warms us with its beams.

Hope on, hope ever ! it ne'er tires,
But yields increase of joy ;
When danger thrills it quick inspires,
And soon all fears destroy.

Hope on, hope ever ! dearest girl,
Its motto is our own ;
We little heed what fate can hurl,
We live and love alone.

Hope on, hope ever ! fare thee well,
My soul is fixed on thee ;
Thou hold'st me ever in thy spell,
'Twere death to set me free.

STANZAS.

THOU hast ask'd what I think, what I, dearest, believe,
 If I doubt I e'er reign in each thought,
 'Midst temptations of earth? Can my Louie deceive,
 Or forget love's fond truth dearly taught?
 Dost thou think that my confidence, love, hath grown less,
 Or my soul can one moment forget
 That affection, I pray for thy sake, God wilt bless;
 One my heart cannot ever forget?

Thou hast trusted not vainly, my angel of love,
 To my honour and fidelity;
 Can I e'er one regret know, my own spotless dove,
 That thy heart clings undying to me?
 As I first loved I still love; if fonder, be sure
 I adore thee more fervently still;
 For the longer I love I believe thee more pure,
 And, believe me, I ever, love, will.

But one doubt, dearest, more, and with doubts I have done,
 Can I mingle distrust, love, with thee?
 Could I value thy fond heart my heart long hath won,
 If I knew not it beat but for me?
 Ah, no, dearest, I find but one fault if it can
 By frail mortals be reckoned as such,
 'Tis a failing say rather, unknown unto man,
 For I feel that thou lov'st me too much.

If I think that in heaven there's truth, that man's soul
 There by faith can alone reign in bliss;
 If I think GOD is heard in the thunder's loud roll,
 His glance seen in the lightnings that kiss
 Earth and Heaven; if such I believe, whilst I feel
 There is hope when we call on His name;
 Pure as angels above, such I feel e'en below,
 As at first, so I love thee the same.

STANZAS.

CANST thou wonder I wish to be near thee, my love,
 My fond idol, whilst life doth endure?
 As the mate seeks the nest of his own gentle dove,
 So my soul seeketh thee, oh, most pure.
 Though we meet in blest converse, as ever we met,
 Still despondency shadows my heart,
 For in vain 'midst its bliss, can it, dearest, forget,
 That again our fond souls, love, must part.

Oft I fancy I'm near thee, I listen to hear
 The sweet tones of thy magical voice ;
 In my fancy I kiss from thine eyelids a tear,
 And in soft whispers bid thee rejoice.
 But reality comes to destroy my bright bliss,
 And I wake to a sense of the cheat ;
 I hear not thy voice, I imprint not the kiss,
 Alas ! dearest, 'tis fancy's deceit.

In my dreams thou art with me—oh, heavenly joy !
 Would those dreams could for ever endure ;
 But, alas ! the world's coldness too soon doth destroy
 Such sweet visions of happiness pure.
 On my lips thy dear name lingers ever, when peace
 To my hours of solitude's given ;
 And I glory to feel, though on earth 'twill ne'er cease,
 Sorrow never can reach us in heaven.

As the barque seeks the ocean, the bird seeks the air,
 So my soul seeks my Louie : no charm
 Else of earth can delight me if thou art not there,
 Nor dark grief of its poison disarm.
 But of this be assured, though apart, never change
 Can deprive me of my dearest pride ;
 'Tis the love of thy heart—nothing e'er can estrange,
 A fond love the false world hath defied.

Oh, my angel of love ! I feel happy ; 'twere wrong
 I should else feel, whilst thy faithful soul
 Triumphs over all others that round thee still throng
 Seeking what is beyond thy control.
 Can the base world dare think hearts can easily turn
 From one altar of love, to adore
 Any other that proffers temptations, that spurn
 The soul's counsel, as if faith were no more ?

'Tis in vain they deceive us, we little can prize
 Such impressions that live but at will ;
 Thy bright constancy, dearest, I read in thine eyes,
 And my angel, I read it there still !
 As the barque braves the storm and attains to the shore,
 Where it rides now secure from the blast ;
 So my dearest, our loves, when earth's tempests are o'er,
 Will hope ever, hope on to the last.

STANZAS.

CAN it, love, be our destiny,
 That souls which love like ours should never
 Know consummation ; or be free
 To love united and for ever ?

Ah ! have we not most faithful been,
 Most fervent, dearest, and unchanging ;
 'Midst the false world's seductive sheen,
 Yet still loved on, nor fear estranging ?

Can it be to our hearts denied
 To know the bliss of souls united ?
 Souls that have bitterly been tried
 By sorrow's storms, yet still unblighted.

'The course of true love ne'er runs smooth—
 How wretchedly we've felt its flowing ;
 'Midst weal or woe, earth could not soothe,
 Nor break our hearts yet fondly glowing.

Ah, yield us not more fearful tests,
We feel, we know we love sincerely ;
But give once more peace to our breasts,
A peace we'll ever treasure dearly.

Oh, was not love bestowed on us
To yield but joy and truth for ever ?
Away illusion ! is it thus
You offer peace, yet bid us sever ?

Alas ! it is not for my own
Dark fate I seek love's blissful crowning ;
I seek but heaven's smile alone,
To banish sorrow's fearful frowning.

On that blest angel of cold earth,
Bestow thy peace in grateful showers,
And give our joys a second birth,
To gild our loves in happier hours.

If not on me, at least she claims
A dowry peace alone can yield her ;
Her heart still loves, but never blames
The heart that's vowed through life to shield her.

To thee, thou idol of my soul,
I yield my heart, in adoration
Next to my God ! thou hast the whole
Of my fond soul through fate's probation.

I call thee angel, am I wrong ?
For angels never know deceiving !
Their truth is pure, their mercy strong
To guide their steps who live believing.

Methinks I hear an angel's voice
Proclaim throughout the realms of heaven,
Arise from sorrow and rejoice,
Thy loves are blest and all forgiven.

God grant it be so ! then my heart
 Will fearless prove it loves sincerely ;
 I'll clasp thee, love, no more to part,
 And ever treasure thee most dearly.

STANZAS.

“ Hope, art thou an illusion ? ”

THE winter, emblem of our woes, hath past ;
 Its chilling gloom hath yielded to bright spring ;
 The leaves shed forth their blossoms, and the last
 Bleak chill hath nestled 'neath the downy wing
 Of the expectant summer ; so doth cling
 Our hopes to welcome sunny joy's return,
 To bid us prize the fruits that round all fling
 A world of genial sunshine ; and the stern,
 Uncompromising face of sorrow boldly spurn.

What's love, my angel. but the summer sun
 That cherishes the blossoms of man's life,
 Which sheds its glories when the fight is won,
 When sorrow prostrate lies, 'midst earthly strife
 To yield the maiden's claim to “ happy wife ? ”
 Alas ! thrice happy they who can arise
 From forth the field of struggling, but too rife
 With fierce contention for the fearful prize,
 That, weal or woe, dark Fate unflinchingly defies.

Fate weaves its spells : the earth, in secret gloom,
 Sighs o'er its edicts, which deny the heart
 One ray of light to cheer the coming doom
 That, like an earthquake, rends each quivering part
 And cavern of man's soul ; laughs at the smart
 Now thrilling through his agonizing frame,
 Yet tries not to extract the envious dart
 That seeks extermination of a flame
 Which struggles to illumine an angel's cherished name.

Oh, Love ! the world is ever 'gainst thee set
In mortal conflict : with most envious might
It seeks to bid the stricken heart forget
The image that alone can cheer the sight
And change to day, what once was cheerless night.
Alas, mysterious destiny ! in vain
Man's knowledge arms itself to dare the fight ;
We know but nothing, save could we attain
The key that loosens dark futurity's firm chain.

Alas, my dearest ! we must run the race,
And hope that victory yields th' expectant palm
Not to the swift alone, forgetting grace
That can o'erthrow vain mortal's strongest arm.
There lies the secret of life's dearest charm,
Without which mortals drink devouring fire,
With not His hand to guard us from the harm
That Satan strews around us in his ire,
Who knows a medium, sin can ne'er raise higher.

His crowning mercy yet awaits our fate ;
Without which, what is life or joy below ?
All nature seems determined desolate,
As if its fountains long had ceased to flow,
Averted in their course by darkling woe,
To crush two hapless mortals who alone
Live for each other. Fate, annul the blow !
Yield us again that happiness we've known,
And let our sufferings past, for future faults atone.

STANZAS.

THERE is a home I bid thee seek,
To wean thee from thy woes ;
One that, in sacred truth, doth speak
How all within it glows.

With love's fond hopes of sunny hours,
Such as can soothe the smart
Of hopes deferred, 'midst sorrow's showers,
That home, love, is MY HEART.

I bid thee cast aside each thought
That long hath pained thy breast,
And that sweet balm thou long hast sought,
At length shall yield thee rest.
Not all the world's gay tinsel sheen,
Nor Envy's secret art,
Shall reach thee in love's home serene—
Thy home, love, in MY HEART.

The birds at morn shall yield their songs,
At eve their hymns of praise,
And all that unto earth belongs,
Of peace, shall bless thy days.
Not one regret, love, shalt thou feel,
Nor sorrow pain impart,
But bliss shalt in blest joys reveal
Thy home, love, in MY HEART.

My soul shall be thy fount of joy,
My bosom be thy shield ;
Each hope with giant faith destroy,
The fears dark fate doth wield.
I'll watch thee in thy slumbers, love,
Lest earth shouldst steal a part
Of that sweet peace I pant to prove
Dwells in thy home—MY HEART.

Not one regret of other halls
Shall reach thee in that home,
Nor one faint wish to change its walls
Or from its charms to roam.
The gay saloon, the circling throng,
No more shall mock the smart
Of souls that hath been sever'd long,
Within thy home—MY HEART.

That home for ever shalt be thine,
 Not time can change its truth ;
 In age it will as brightly shine,
 As e'en it glowed in youth.
 Faith, love, and peace invite thee taste
 Of joys beyond man's art ;
 Love's star is shining :—dearest, haste,
 And glad thy home—MY HEART.

STANZAS.

THOU askest what inspires me ! thou shrine of purity ;
 Canst thou not feel, my beautiful, my gem, alone, 'tis thee ?
 As bursts the dawn's first lurid beams to change night into day,
 So glows my hoping, feverish soul with love's most boundless sway.

Can one thought know its birth apart from fears of mortal harm,
 And revel not in consciousness of that most potent charm
 Which feeds with magic fire the warm current of each vein,
 And bids the drooping heart yet hope for sunny hours again.

Dost think mine eyes e'er close in sleep without I see thy face
 In sweet illusion ? even there it boasts each living grace !
 I think I hear thy magic tones burst on my listening ear,
 But, vision false, I wake ; alas ! no angel, love, is near.

Amidst the thunder's mightiest peal, that shakes the vaulted skies,
 E'en then my thoughts are fixed upon a "rose" I dearly prize ;
 And, whilst most fearful streams of fire are dazzling earth and air,
 My soul still clings unto thy soul with love and wild despair.

So pure, so gentle ; oh, what care so sweet a flower demands !
 And who's so fit to cherish it as its *own loved one's hands* ?
 A tender plant needs tender care, lest that the spotless gem
 Should droop and fade, as sweetest buds adorn the weakest stem.

My willing soul shall yield thee joy, on earth, beyond compare ;
 With anxious pride I'll watch the blossom of a bud so fair ;
 I'll tend each want with that soft care the soul that loves but knows
 My heart shall be the garden where shalt bloom its peerless
 "rose."*

STANZAS.

By the first kiss of early love
 When passion first stole sweetly o'er me ;
 By the "God bless you !" gently breathed,
 When eyes my soul laid bare before thee ;
 By every sweet impress thy hand
 Met mine, whilst stars shone bright above thee ;
 By every sigh my breast hath known,
 My peerless girl, my gem, I love thee !

By every spot we oft have trod,
 Which love yet cherishes most dearly ;
 By every whispered vow and hope
 Breathed in thine ear, in truth, sincerely ;
 By every token that hath decked
 Our souls, bright as the skies above thee ;
 By every pang of bliss deferred,
 My peerless girl, my gem, I love thee !

By every thought of spotless joy
 We long hath cherished, 'midst deceiving ;
 By every cloud that dimmed our hopes
 Of sunny hours, yet fond believing ;
 By every tear thine eyes hath shed,
 When earth its blight hath shed above thee ;
 By every dream of transient bliss,
 My peerless girl, my gem, I love thee !

* The rose, in the beautiful language of still more beautiful flowers—the universal language of lovers throughout the sunny land of the East—expresses "constancy." How admirably conceived is the emblem ? Constancy being to the paradise of love what the rose is to the garden of flowers—the loveliest gem amidst a world of gem

By every star that ever beamed
 Upon our love's blameless concealing ;
 By every pulse our hearts hath felt,
 Like lightning through each vein warm stealing ;
 By every night of sleepless pain
 Teeming with hope of heaven above me ;
 By every day of bitter grief,
 My peerless girl, my gem, I love thee !

By every moment blest by thee
 Ere sorrow placed a gulph between us ;
 By every sweet intrigue our soul's
 Have converse known, where none hath seen us ;
 By every blot the world would seek
 To bid thee blossom far above me ;
 By all the tears those blots erased,
 My peerless girl, my gem, I love thee !

By every promised hope of joy
 I've vowed to thee fond and undying ;
 By every line my pen hath traced
 Midst worldly blights its arts defying ;
 By every pure embrace this heart
 Hath linked with thine, with heaven above thee ;
 By every kiss of quenchless fire,
 My peerless girl, my gem, I love thee !

 STANZAS.

It is not form of faultless mould,
 Or features bland and fair,
 'Tis not that gems in rival gold
 Bedeck thy jet-black hair,
 Nor magic song that weaves love's spell
 Around my burning soul ;
 It is thy worth, my heart knows well,
 That holds it in control !

Though nature drest thee in array
Of beauty most divine ;
Yet would thy soul, in pure display,
Throughout such glories shine
Still brighter far, as stars appear
More splendid when the light
Of the chaste moon makes still more clear
Those gorgeous gems of night.*

The moon will set, the stars depart,
And deck some distant space ;
But love, which reigns throughout the heart,
No power can e'er efface.
No earthly gems can dim thy light,
Nor heaven's stars above
Make *thee* less beauteous in my sight
My soul is vowed to love.

The tides recede and swell the wave
Upon another shore ;
The sun recalls his fire, which gave
Earth joy, when summer's o'er ;
The winter comes in snow-girt pride
To welcome the bright flame
That cheers the happy fireside,—
Yet still I love the same.

All earth progresses, and a change
Is always o'er it cast ;
But love, true love, nought can estrange,
Whilst life and hope shall last.
Its throne is in the faithful heart,
Its sceptre in its truth ;
Its influence warms each vital part
In age e'en as in youth.

Then, dearest, as through life we roam
In sweet communion blest,
Our loves shall ever have its home
Within each glowing breast.

* The stars can only be said to *shine* in the *Tropics*. In northern Europe they but glimmer an attempt at shining.

And while we mark the slow decay
 That casts o'er earth its blight,
 Our lives shall be a summer's day
 That ne'er shall know its night.

STANZAS.

"Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O."—BURNS.

WHEN man first breathed the air of life
 In lonely mightiness, upspringing
 At His command—whilst beauty rife
 Round Eden's buds wert fondly clinging.
 He saw there needed yet a flower
 To shed its incense o'er each feeling ;
 'Twas then the gem of nature's bower,
 Woman uprose, His seal revealing.

What had man been without her smile
 In weal or woe, so fond, confiding ?
 Who but blest woman could beguile
 Man of his faults, in sweetness chiding ?
 Without her had his path been dark
 As is the soul midst heathen blindness,
 For what on earth, or heaven's arc,
 Can ever rival woman's kindness ?

She is the rein that firmly holds
 Man's fiercer nature in subjection ;
 Curbs the wild current that enfolds
 His heart in sorrow's deep dejection.
 Her gentle influence cheers his breast
 When his warm soul is darkly riven
 With worldly anguish, yielding rest
 To griefs that cease alone in heaven.

Oh ! man, receive His priceless gift,
 And treasure her on earth most dearly ;
 Life is but short, and time flies swift,
 But woman ever loves sincerely.
 Prize well the gift ! thou canst not shed
 Upon her worth the least addition ;
 Neglect her, and thou find'st instead
 Of joy, dark woe inspires her mission.

Oh ! may my soul e'er prize one gem
 As now so ever—'till life ceasing
 Gathers the buds that graced the stem
 Of spotless love with gifts increasing.
 I prize His name, an angel lives
 To comfort me, when all hath perished
 Of earthly blossoms—one that gives
 A charm to all my soul hath cherished.

My maiden rose ! thou art the flower
 My fond heart treasures faithful ever ;
 And whilst that heart retains its power
 Still will it love, till death shalt sever
 Our throbbing hearts from earthly love
 Forgiving all, by all forgiven ;
 Then may our spirits find above
 That peace which mortals crave in heaven.

STANZAS.

THERE is a hope to which my soul
 Inseparably clings ;
 Love is the needle, truth the pole,
 Round which faith spreads its wings.
 If earth can coldly set its seal
 Upon our bliss below ;
 To heaven, dearest, let us steal,
 Where ne'er can enter woe.

Earth may rebel in reckless pride
 To crush our buds of peace,
 But whatsoe'er ills may betide,
 In heaven, love, there's peace !
 How like a phantom wanders man
 Until his lamp expires ;
 'Tis then our eyes can fearful scan
 The fount that fed life's fires.

How much I loathe the base pursuits
 That earth exacts from minds,
 Not formed to culture such coarse fruits,
 And of such various kinds.
 No, let me rather step each thought
 In love, my gem, for thee ;
 Nor heed the precepts gold hath taught,
 But love thee faithfully.

My soul it soars above such things
 As occupy the world ;
 My thoughts mount on a zephyr's wings
 To where love's flags unfurled ;
 'Tis there I fly, and at his feet
 Lay bare my throbbing breast,
 And pray in heaven we may meet
 If earth denies us rest.

STANZAS.

"Love's Musings."

SWEET is the voice that whispers peace
 To the lorn-stricken heart ;
 Sweet is the voice of faith that sheds
 Its balm when souls depart.
 Sweet is the voice of sympathy
 That soothes man when opprest,
 But SWEETER far 's my dear girl's voice
 Whose tones can make me blest.

Soft is the smile that raises up
The fallen, sinful one,
And soft the whispered forgiveness
That breathes "Thy will be done!"
Soft is the smile that bursts from forth
The soul when love first breathes,
But softer far's the ambient smile
That my girl's lip enwreathes.

Bright is the glance that angels cast
Upon our fallen race,
To raise them from sin's dark abyss
To heaven's ethereal space.
Bright is the glance that mercy sheds
O'er all who truth denies,
But brighter far's the glance that beams
From my dear girl's loved eyes.

Light are the echoes of the step
Of one the heart holds dear;
Light is the anxious pace that bears
Sweet hope, the soul to cheer.
Light is the footstep that dispels
Cares that fond hopes destroy,
But lighter far's my angel's step
That fills my heart with joy.

For that sweet voice I'd cast aside
All else of earthly mould;
For that soft smile I'd brave the world's
Unceasing thirst for gold!
For that bright glance I'd yield all hope
Of joy and peace elsewhere;
And for the echoes of those steps
Would mock my heart's despair.

• Blest idol of my fervent soul,
Pure gem of spotless love,
Thou art to me, my sun, my world,
My hope of rest above.

Of all the matchless works His hands
 Hath formed to bless mankind,
 The brightest gem His works can shed
 Shines through thy spotless mind.

STANZAS.

“The desert is Eden if lighted by love.”

OH ! tell me not that deserts drear,
 Of hot and trackless sand,
 Can e'en as Eden's bowers appear
 By Love's supreme command.
 Alas ! I feel my heart's wild waste
 Most dreary 'midst life's flowers ;
 And each brief joy my soul doth taste
 But mocks love's magic powers.

Could we command each glowing thought,
 And subdivide the stream
 On which love floats, yet deeply fraught
 With sorrow's gloomful beam ;
 Could we e'en steep the thoughts which pain
 In deep forgetfulness,
 Then might we snap the spell-wove chain
 That our fond hopes oppress.

But no ; those waters Lethe hight
 Exist but as a dream.
 Oh, what a world of sweet delight
 'Twould yield to taste its stream !
 But if alike all bliss and pain
 Must be for e'er forgot,
 Give me dear memory's cup again ;—
 Thou flood, I'll taste thee not.

Hope trims the lamp of fleeting life,—
 Without it all wert dark,—
 And midst the world's malignant strife
 Hope spreads above its arc :

Its beam is borne through heaven's space,
 Its influence cheers the soul,
 It glads the breast of every race
 That breathes from pole to pole.

For love hope tunes the magic string
 That vibrates through the breast :
 Each thought bounds on the lightning's wing,
 Nor knows on earth calm rest.
 But were not joy the harp to strike
 In gladsome strains of peace,
 Hope soon would perish, even like
 Our griefs which in death cease.

My angel love, my Eden's rose,
 Thou art the light that cheers
 The desert of my bosom's woes,
 And dries my burning tears !
 My heart had been a desert wild,
 Unconscious of delight,
 By every touch of earth defiled,
 Without love's ceaseless light.

'Tis thine, my angel girl, to prove
 Within my desert breast
 The sacred influence of pure love
 To make me ever blest.
 'Tis thine to save me from th' abyss
 Of sorrow's fearful goal,
 And in thy chaste and hallowed kiss
 Give joy unto my soul.

STANZAS.

THOU needest not a token, love, to bind thee to my soul,
 Thy every hope, I feel, is mine beyond the world's control ;
 No fear have I thy heart should fail to beat with love as now :
 Thy spotless faith is dearer pledge than love's impassioned vow.

Thy image, love, is deeply graved upon my throbbing heart,
 And to each pulse a vivid fire of hope it doth impart ;
 And when it fades, or knows not power to soothe each pangsful
 sigh,
 No more on earth is left to me but only then to die.

Ah ! could I, dearest, my poor heart, that beats with love, lay bare,
 Then wouldst thou see thy angel form impressed for ever there ;
 And deep within my glowing soul, beyond the reach of blame,
There dwells enshrined, in spotless truth, thy dearly cherished
 name.

Alike I feel, within thy heart I evermore shall dwell,
 Despite dark sorrow, which our breasts have known, alas ! too well.
 But still we hope a brighter day shall yet dawn on our joy,
 And bid defiance to that world that would our peace destroy.

The storms which blight fruitive hope of peace on earth for aye,
 Shall yet, before His sacred will, for ever pass away ;
 As Nature seems far brighter, love, when the rude tempest's o'er,
 So shall our love know purer bliss than e'er it knew before.

One wish, one hope, one anxious thought, reign in my trembling
 breast—

Its consummation can alone make me on this earth blest :
That moment Heaven will its rich stores of ceaseless bliss unfold,
 When on *THY FINGER mine* shall place a *circlet of plain gold*.

STANZAS.

AH ! could I tell thee what I feel
 When the sad hour arrives,
 When burning tears too plain reveal
 The *ONE hope* of our lives !
 Ah ! could I paint to thee the gloom
 From which I seek to flee,
 It might avert the painful doom
 Which bids me part from thee !

Ah ! is it not all joy, all bliss
To be alone with thee ?
Then close our eyes to that abyss
Which yields but misery.
In vain I strive to school my heart
From sorrow to be free,
What hope can cheer me when we part ?
'Tis death to part from thee.

If love were given to the soul
To glad its inmost core,
How little heeds it *His* control,
Our peace, love, to restore.
As some lost traveller seeks a light
To guide his steps with glee,
So glows my soul with pure delight,
My love, to meet with thee.

Methinks that love were given *not*
To yield our bosoms peace ;
Can sorrow be the mournful lot
Of those whose loves increase ?
No, no ; dark fate doth intervene
To blight the joys that be ;
Such thoughts are mine, and e'er have been,
When doomed to part from thee.

How many deaths our loves have had,
Since first they knew return ;
And our warm hearts, which once were glad,
With thwarted passions burn.
To meet is most exquisite joy,
To feel our souls are free ;
But death with life our hopes destroy,
And bids me part from thee.

Be thou an angel to my path,
When every hope is riven,
And teach me calm my furious wrath,
And guide my steps to Heaven.

There let me worship every smile,
E'en to eternity ;
For *there*, my girl, no mortal guile
Can doom me t' part from thee.

STANZAS.

NAY, think not, dearest, my sad breast
Glow's not with holy fire,
Though riven, and by grief oppress
That blights each fond desire.
Of life, of hope, yet still I feel
Those truths which give alone
To man, those realms the stars reveal
His home when life hath gone.

Ah ! pity, love, the gloom that sheds
Its sadness o'er each thought,
And round my hopes a dark veil spreads
With bitter sorrow fraught.
I feel beyond this world a bright
And happier one endures,
Where spirits revel in His light,
Which peace for aye assures.

I also feel, alas ! too well,
Forgiveness waits their end,
Who fall before despair's wild spell,
And 'neath life's tempests bend.
And oh ! what joy to find restor'd
To heaven those whom woe
Urged to a death, by man abhorr'd,
To ease their pangs below.

My dearest girl, love is the chain
That binds me unto life,
And who that lives to know but pain
E'er conquers in the strife ?

Yet in His mercy I can see
 No love for punishment,
 And good for ill in mercy He
 Sheds on those who relent.

No sternness dwells upon His brow,
 No anger in His eye ;
 His heavenly glory, e'er as now,
 Illumes the boundless sky.
 'Tis His to save, and not destroy ;
 His beam is on them set,
 Whose sins have dimmed their sheen of joy,
 He will not them forget.

With thee, my love, all doubts are past
 For me—wipe all away,
 For, long as life, as hope shall last,
 My faith knows no decay.
 And when death past, I reach the gate
 Where heaven's glories shine,
 May angels on my spirit wait
 To guide it, love, to thine !

STANZA.

“Earth ! thou art dark, even as the storm upon the waters.”

WHAT can cheer the fond soul like the smile we adore,
 Midst the storms of a world we despise ?
 What can to the sad heart its lost peace, love, restore,
 Like the beam from our loved idol's eyes ?
 How illusive thy pleasures, oh, earth ! that are spread
 To embitter each breast with their spell :
 Thou hast left not a charm that around joy canst shed,
 Like that one charm my heart feels too well.

Though thou'rt robbed of thy honour, despoiled of thy truth,
 Still my idol entrances my soul ;
 Though deep cares advance age, ere the spring of our youth
 Is half past—faithful still to the pole

As the needle—she points to that home, far removed
From the darkness and poisons of earth ;
There, where pure spirits loving, and ever beloved,
Praise Eternity's hallowed birth.

Thou art false, baneful earth ! but my idol is true—
Pure as planets that stud the gemm'd skies ;
Thou art cold, dark, and changeful of every hue,
But His truth beams with love from her eyes.
From a region that boasts of so little to charm,
I would fain snatch my idol away ;
And restore her to heaven, where nevermore harm,
Can convert into night every day.

How I envy her breathing the air which surrounds
Thy vast globe, where such falsehood e'er dwells ;
All that savours of earth but with sorrow abounds,
Made most potent by Satan's dark spells.
But above, in those realms He hath given to man
As his bright world of truth, love, and peace,
Not a spirit its limitless glories canst span,
Where bliss ever was, is, ne'er canst cease.

If this world is a furnace where souls are assayed,
And from sin purged for heaven above,
How few but in terror shrink back, wild dismayed,
Who have blighted a life they should love.
But 'tis vain to demur, when th' invincible test
Is applied to its victims in death ;
Far better man's spirit ne'er warmed his dark breast,
That he ne'er drew from earth life's warm breath.

To know birth is man's death—for in sin he is born,
And from sin no escape yields him free,
Till at last, by deep sorrow and pain racked and worn,
Man's proud spirit, when crushed, bends the knee.
But my soul's chastening idol—affixed is the seal
Which for thee opes the portals above ;
There may faith, hope, and truth, thro' His mercy reveal
To my spirit, my angel of love.

THE PRAYER OF MY HEART.

MAY God's best blessing e'er on thee be shed
 For evermore, in peace, on thee and thine ;
 May the bright sun, for ever round thy head
 Of sacred glory, most refulgent shine !
 May plenty, honour, happiness, their gates
 With rapture open, spotless one, for thee !
 And that content which e'er on virtue waits,
 Fill thy pure bosom with calm ecstasy.
 May strife not dare e'er to disturb thy days,
 Nor bitter sorrow e'er distress thy nights ;
 But make thy heart glow with spontaneous praise,
 To soothe thy bosom with divine delights.
 May the soft pillow of eternal peace,
 Thy cheek in holy slumber ever kiss,
 And glad thy soul with bountiful increase
 Of earthly joys, akin to heav'nly bliss.
 May sportive fancy ever tend thy dreams,
 In blest imagination crown thy joys ;
 So that the fire of His holy beams,
 May hold thy thoughts in most celestial poise.

And when from length of spotless, happy years,
 Thy soul grows weary of thy earthly peace,
 And death, its curtains silencing all fears,
 So gently close upon thy soul's release,
 May God's own angels grace thy earthly bed,
 To guard th' expiring lamp of fleeting life
 From one rude blast, that might perchance be shed
 To hasten its extinction, 'midst sweet strife :
 And, finally, may the dear Saviour's blood
 Wash from thy soul the least impurity,
 That thou may'st glory in the streaming flood
 Of ceaseless light, that gilds eternity ;
 Then, when the last loud trump shall rend the air,
 When all of earth is past and heaven's won,
 God grant our chastened spirits may meet there,
 Where angel choirs chant "Thy will be done."

STANZAS.

My angel girl, thy truth's the star
 That guides my soul aright ;
 It points to future bliss afar,
 Where all is pure and bright,
 It tells me of another land
 Beyond the azure skies,
 Where countless gems, by His command,
 In boundless ether lies.

How painful is the anxious thought
 That blights our bosom's peace,
 To feel this life so deeply fraught
 With woe, that ne'er wilt cease.
 But, ah ! what joy succeeds to this
 Sad thought ; for death below
 Is but the gate that leads to bliss,
 And shuts us out from woe.

My soul is panting for that day
 Which yields thy peace—my care ;
 Which bids thee, while this life knows stay,
 My joys and sorrows share.
 Ecstatic moment ! what can vie
 With happiness so sweet ?
 Not aught of earth, save that blest tie,
 Which bows us at His feet.

To enter heaven's gate with thee,
 Is joy beyond compare ;
 To know thee mine is ecstasy,
 Which makes dark earth most fair.
 What's life, fame, honour, wealth, if thou
 Art torn from me apart ?
 Take all for ever, e'en as now,
 But give thee to my heart.

Life without thee is a deep gloom,
 The sun illumines in vain ;
 And mocks the dark impending doom,
 That fills my breast with pain.
 O God ! Thy mercies on her head,
 Pour down in bounteous flow ;
 Throughout her bosom gently shed
 Sweet peace to calm her woe.

Where'er I wander, every scene
 Recalls thy angel form ;
 And visions clad in holy sheen,
 Shine forth amidst life's storm.
 I ask but thee—whate'er rude clime
 From thralldom boasts us free ;
 True love endures not for a time,
 But for eternity.

STANZAS.

WHAT is love, my dear girl, but the sun of the soul,
 Which the bosom's fond world of sweet thought
 Glorifies in the highest, and nurtures the whole
 Of hope's blossoms, by love earnest sought ?
 What is hope, but the expectant bliss that attends
 Love's light footsteps to yield life more sweet ?
 While its buds with each thought most delectably blends,
 And in peace, love and joy at last meet.

Does not love make each feeling, each thought e'en as pure,
 As the essence which angels diffuse
 Throughout heaven's vast space, e'en mid woes that endure
 Through life's path, which our fate darkly strews ?
 Ah, my soul's cherish'd idol, again and again
 Do I bless thee, and ever will bless ;
 Though my sad heart be riven and broken by pain,
 Yet it ne'er will its idol love less.

Oh, what magic thy presence imparts to each sense,
With a rapture but rivalled above ;
Whilst my thoughts crowd around my fond heart in a dense
Cloud of hopes, fears and undying love.
Though my memory failed to recall every joy,
Every bliss that my lone breast hath known ;
Though oblivion came o'er me, each hope to destroy,
I can ne'er cease to love thee, my own.

Do the birds e'er forget to salute the bright sun,
When he rises in glory at morn ?
Do they not chant their wood-hymns when his course hath
run,
And await his appearance at dawn ?
So my heart whispers peace and God's blessing on thee,
When my soul wakes to each opening day,
And implores peace from Him in its pure fervency,
When that night, love, hath chased day away.

Earth and heaven receive their glad homage : shalt thou
Not receive my heart's homage of love ?
Ah, my angel, e'en ever, for ever, as now,
Let my soul its fond truth, dearest, prove.
'Tis not by words which tender emotions express,
Nor by vows made when passion is rife,
That the true heart pours forth, from each glowing recess,
Its affection to gild this dark life.

The time ne'er wilt be when I cease thee to love :
Worlds may cease to revolve, and the wreck
Of proud nations alone remain, dearest, to prove
What false glory adorns but a speck.
Yet amidst the world's ruin, my loved one, my soul
Will in faith, truth, and love, cling to thine ;
Though His terrible vengeance encircles each pole,
Still I'll praise God, my girl, thou art mine.

TRYSTING.

ONCE again we have met,
 By our God alone seen ;
 Can our souls e'er forget
 What our suff'rings have been ?
 No, my angel ! that heart
 Which alone beats for thee,
 Is e'en breaking to part
 From thy heart's purity.

My sad heart feels now bursting
 With long, bitter pain,
 And my soul is e'en thirsting
 To press thee again.
 Death were bliss beyond all
 Bliss this earth can bestow—
 For its sleep is the pall
 Which for e'er veils life's woe.

Shall we ne'er know sweet peace,
 Or an union of soul ?
 Will our sad fate ne'er cease
 Its dark thunders to roll ?
 What are earth's storms to those
 Which afflict the fond breast ?
 Ah, my own peerless rose !
 Shall our loves ne'er be blest ?

Not as mortals we love ;
 Soul seeks union with soul,
 E'en as spirits above
 When beneath His control.
 Oh ! if life still deny
 To give peace to each breast,
 To our God let us fly,
 Where our souls will be blest !

STANZAS.

My own beloved, my peerless gem,
 For thee my fond heart quick is beating !
 Though millions dare our loves condemn.
 Oh, grant the prayer my soul's entreating !

It is to shed around thee peace,
 To stay the founts of woe, dark flowing ;
 To bid each pang for ever cease,
 And thy kind heart with joy be glowing.

I dare not counsel, save aright ;
 My fond soul loathes e'er to deceive thee ;
 I seek alone to shed delight
 On all of earth which now doth grieve thee.

Believe me, dearest, my lorn heart,
 For thy long suff'ring feels, though breaking ;
 At night, mine eyes close o'er that smart
 Which greets me, when from sleep awaking.

Ah, ceaseless torture ! wouldst thou kill
 And crush the hopes love long hath cherished ?
 Oh, say where endeth each sad ill,
 Ere life and hope on earth hath perished !

My angel love, in vain I seek
 To teach my bosom resignation !
 Alas, each pang, could it but speak,
 Would tell my bosom's desolation !

Thou art my angel, love, of life ;
 What else, my pure one, can I call thee ?
 Thou teachest me to brave the strife
 Whose front now lowers to appal me.

I dare not write a single line
 My soul can vouch not for sincerely ;
 And my sad heart, which worships thine,
 Can never cease to love thee dearly.

The sun may glad the world by day,
 And cheer the hearts who know not sorrow,
 The stars at eve may chase away
 All hopes and fears which deck the morrow.

What sun can glad our riven breasts ?
 What myriad planets cheer our anguish ?
 What hope can calm life's bitter tests
 Which o'er past joys are doomed to languish ?

I would not thou shouldst feel a pang
 To blight thy hopes of future pleasure ;
 Oh, that I could erase the fang
 Of envious earth, and claim my treasure !

Live on, love ever ; 'tis the star
 That guides hope's barque, life's storms unheeding,
 Where nothing mortal more shall mar
 That bliss which makes this earth an Eden.

STANZAS.

AH ! could I give back to thy heart the joy of former years,
 To calm thy bosom's anguish and dispel thy anxious fears ;
 What bliss, my angel love, would then on earth be ever mine !
 Such bliss, as evermore, would be unalterably thine !

To know thy bosom thrills with pain, blights every bud of peace ;
 Till thou art happy, my sad heart to mourn will never cease ;
 Thy hopes, thy fears, thy joys and griefs, my soul implores to share,
 And make what now is dark and cold than Paradise more fair.

My soul's fond idol ! can I rest (when night her veil hath thrown
 O'er fading day) whilst my warm heart it suffers not alone ?
 Ah ! could I rob thee of thy pangs, and bless thy soul in rest,
 My soul would soon despoil thine of all grief which pains thy breast.

But mine, alas ! is a dark fate, to know each bitter grief,
 And yet to lack the power, love, to give thy heart relief ;
 Though still I cherish a fond hope—pure, fervent, and benign,
 That soon the altar cedes to me that care which now is thine.

My peerless gem, thou know'st the secret feelings of my heart ;
 Dark Fate in vain the fight prolongs to tear our souls apart ;
 But still more loving, when life's clouds yet darker o'er us lowers,
 We live for love—for love we'll die, or feel the victory ours.

When thou art present all is bright ; but when thou hast pass'd away,
 A gloomful night succeeds to love's blest, transient, sunny day ;
 Ah ! let thy head upon my breast in faith and love recline,
 A breast whose dearest truth and hopes, in life, art only thine !

 STANZAS.

HAST thou ne'er known in early youth,
 Sweet dreams that ne'er became
 The harbinger of joy, whose truth
 Departed as it came ?
 Hast thou not early felt the spell
 Of the heart's hopes and fears,
 Whilst thy fond soul poured forth its knell,
 In thy hot, streaming tears ?

Hast thou ne'er woke upon the dawn
 Of a fresh budding day,
 And fancied 'twere joy's rosy morn,
 Which ne'er should pass away ?
 Hast thou ne'er felt the cheerful songs
 Of birds thrill in thy ears,
 Unlike the music that belongs
 To love's maturer years ?

Hast thou ne'er watched the silver light
 Of heaven's stars, recline
 Upon some river's bosom bright,
 As spotless, love, as thine ?
 Hast thou not felt the stirring thought,
 Which fill'd thy breast with pain,
 And mock'd the hope, with anguish fraught,
 That we might meet again ?

If such thou hast a moment known,
To blight thy hours of peace,
E'en such my soul now feels alone,
Which ne'er on earth will cease,
Till heaven plants thee round my heart,
Inseparably mine ;
Then bliss, which cheers but now a part,
Through my whole heart will shine.

The trees are parting with their leaves ;
The day, shorn of its light,
Each fleeting hour darker, bereaves
My heart of its delight.
With thee, all gloom would fly my breast,
Love's night dissolve in day ;
For earth can never yield me rest,
Whilst thou, love, art away.

By every hope our souls hath known ;
By every bliss once ours ;
By every vow of love—my own,
My gem, come, gild my hours
With sunny joy and rapture sweet,
No more to flee away,
And let our lips that burning meet,
Ne'er part whilst life hath stay.

Thou art my life, my hope, my guide,
All wishes live in thee,
I have no other hope beside,
Whilst thou art torn from me.
My heart which beats with bitter pain,
My breast which heaves with woe,
Crave but thy smiles, to make again
Earth Paradise below.

STANZAS.

As the rose to the garden, the sun to the earth,
 The stars to the heavens above,
 So art thou to my soul, which to hope gives new birth,
 And enfolds my warm heart in thy love.

Not a moment is mine that I think not of thee ;
 Not a hope but with thee is entwined ;
 Not a wish hath my breast, 'midst my dark destiny,
 Which is not with thy dear name enshrined.

Dare I hope for calm joys, whilst from thee, love, apart
 I am doomed to exist, sad and lone ?
 Can I wish for sweet peace to soothe my troubled heart,
 If not shared with mine idol—my own !

What is pleasure to me ? what temptations can man
 Spread before me, illusive of joy ?
 Whilst without thee I pine, nought of earth ever can
 My deep wretchedness, dearest, destroy.

Love hath sunshine ; alas ! it hath storms, whose wild rage
 Its bright beauties eclipse, ah ! too soon,
 And in vain that we strive its rude blast to assuage,
 Or oppose the pang'd soul's fierce simoom.

But a spell's on the heart when it faithfully loves,
 Such as hearts that love not ne'er can feel ;
 And the close of the struggle too oft darkly proves,
 The sure poison the breast doth conceal.

Love's true source lies beyond man's frail knowledge to trace,
 'Tis a ray which from God doth descend
 To bless earth with its beams, such as glads heaven's space,
 To gild life, through its span, to its end.

'Midst the terrors of earth, still we treasure the gift,
 Soul-devoted to truth and to love ;
 'Tis a magnet whose charm the sad heart up doth lift,
 And concentrates its hopes on above.

Had my heart never loved thee, I never had known
 Such a flower earth's garden possess'd ;
 I am thankful His mercy hath made thee mine own,
 And in thee, love, hath made me most blessed.

More I seek not—His bounty hath crowned every truth,
 Which this life boasts to guide it aright ;
 And th' illusions which dazzled the bosom in youth,
 Vanish quickly before reason's light.

As the moon on the waters is cradled in peace,
 So my heart on thy bosom finds rest ;
 And the moment that bids our sad loneliness cease,
 Is the moment that glads my torn breast.

In thine eye's sparkling mirror, the first glimpse of love
 Peeped forth from thy soul in its pride ;
 May those eyes, not alone on this earth, but above,
 Glad my spirit with thine, Heaven's bride.

STANZAS

TO A BROKEN RING.

SWEET gem of affection ! and art thou not true
 To the love thou art bound to, whilst life
 In its motley investure on earth doth endure,
 Till the maiden is lost in the wife ?
 Ah ! why art thou broken ? what ill can betide
 Such an omen ? my soul, it defies
 All the omens of earth ; for our faith hath been tried,
 Which is cherished still dear in our sighs.

It is broken, not severed ; Fate's true to the past ;
 'Tis a type of our ill-destined loves ;
 They are riven, but never can envy's rude blast
 Sever hearts whose faith time stronger proves.
 It is broken, poor girl ; dost thou think it is ill
 That the fairy-like gem thus should part
 So soon after the gift ? Let a thousand break, still
 Thou wilt ever possess my fond heart.

At such omens I laugh ; indeed why should I not,
 My dear angel girl, laugh at such fears ?
 Whilst my heart, throbbing, tells me thou'lt ne'er be forgot,
 That my love but increases with years.
 I would wish not to mend it, that on it our gaze
 In love's bright years to come might be set ;
 Then we'd smile on the perils of love's early days,
 And those joys our hearts ne'er can forget.

We would gaze on the ring which disturbs thy sweet rest,
 And remember thy fears that some ill
 It portended, and how it long troubled thy breast,
 Whilst our souls love as fondly e'en still.
 And when perils and fears, and all omens are past,
 And our souls are embalmed in pure bliss,
 We will cherish affection whilst life here shall last,
 And our worst omen, love, be a kiss.

STANZAS.

THERE is a magnet to my soul
 Which links it unto love ;
 It ever points unto that goal
 Where hearts find rest above.
 It bids me hope when life is dark,
 And o'er it hangs a gloom ;
 'Tis to ~~my~~ thoughts the kindred spark
 That gives to hope its bloom.

It is a balm for all my woes,
 A solace in my pain,
 And teaches me, whilst life yet glows,
 To hope for bliss again.
 It is a charm, 'gainst all of sin,
 Such as our globe defiles ;
 And feeds the " still small voice within "
 With love's transcendent smiles.

It is a star that shines most bright
 When all is dark and drear,
 It gilds affection's lonesome night,
 And stifles sorrow's tear.
 It is a spirit which, to mine,
 Becomes its strength and shield,
 And turns my heart to that pure shrine
 Where truth and love 's revealed.

Ah ! need I tell thee of what kind
 Is such a potent charm,
 That can my soul so fondly bind,
 And guard it from all harm ?
 Ah, no ; thy constant heart canst solve
 So sweet a mystery ;
 For, till life shall in death dissolve,
That magnet THOU wilt be !

STANZAS.

Fly quick, Love, to me.

To my arms, quickly flying, my angel, now come
 On my bosom repose thy sweet head ;
 Thou wilt ever be safe, love, though still there be some
 Who would censure upon thee yet shed.
 Let my heart be thy pillow, my soul's inmost core
 Be thy safeguard, thy trust, and thy pride ;
 And not sorrow nor grief o'er thy name, on earth, more
 Cast its gloom, which our loves hath defied.

Oh, come quickly, if any dare breathe in thine ear
 But a word of contume or regret ;
 Let *me only* kiss, dearest, away every tear,
 And teach thee, love, thy pangs to forget.
 We have loved too sincerely to cherish a doubt
 That our union can yield but pure bliss ;
 Let our hearts as our loving be even as stout,
 And our griefs be dispelled by a kiss.

There's a home in my bosom as spotless as first,
Love, it glowed with affection for thee ;
And we, dearest, hath long known the best and the worst
That hath wrought to annihilate me.
But in vain : 'midst all blaming, I read in thy eyes,
Every thought, every hope is still mine ;
As the Phoenix again from its ashes doth rise,
So, my soul, from its wreck rises thine.

Do I counsel deceiving? Alas ! could I dare
To instil such a thought in thy breast ?
I but urge thee to yield me a right, love, to share
Every joy that can e'er yield me rest.
Then, my angel of love, who would dare *thee* to blame,
Or seek longer to persecute us ?
Not one breath, love, of slander could harm thy dear name
That can yield earthly joy only thus.

Where my home is, there always, my love, shalt be thine ;
Every joy, every bliss thou shalt share ;
Our warm hearts round each care will, in peace, softly twine,
And make earth heaven's garden most fair.
'Tis not riches can gild life if love be not pure ;
Wealth demands, from possession, a price
That denies peace on earth, during life, to endure ;
Whilst affection can more than suffice.

Turn thy heart to my suit ; and, should any presume
To dictate but as tyrants, thy will,
Fly, my idol, my presence with thine to illume,
To a soul that adores fondly still
I will guard thee as miser guards, fearful, his gold,
I will tend thee as angels *His* throne,
In each fresh-dawning day thou shalt ever behold
Chastened joys that wilt bloom o'er thine own.

To my arms, quickly flying, my angel, then come !
Earth is dark where thou art not, and joy
Is a rainbow that transient beams, e'en as some
Smile, the surer our peace to destroy.

Not the cold world's false sheen can e'er yield us delight,
Or pluck one gem of bliss, love, away ;
I will love thee most fondly each heavenly night,
And adore thee still fonder each day.

PENCILLINGS OF THE HEART.

My own, my beautiful, the gem
That twines around my heart's fond stem,
My life, my love, my all of earth !
To love thee is to give new birth
To life itself, and hold in poise
The soul 'bove all that quick destroys
The tranquil summer of the heart,
Which leaves it quiv'ring with the smart
The bosom feels too often here,
The eye too often feels the tear
Warm stealing down the burning cheeks,
Which far more eloquently speaks
Of secret sorrow, such as blights
The soul's fond hopes of calm delights,
And yields the soul a prey to grief
Beyond the hope of all relief.
Ah ! why should love but know alone
Such ceaseless pain ? What can atone
For bitter years of woe concealed,
Of anxious fears by sighs revealed ?
Is love but to sad woe the nurse ?
To cherish life but for its curse
Which, since dark evil first began,
Has follow'd close the steps of man ?
Or is 't a truth yet unconfest
That God ordains but as the test
Of our frail truth ? It matters not
To bleeding hearts what sunny spot
Blooms for some souls, while *ours* are dark,
Without scarce hope's dim lingering spark
To mock the light which faintly beams
Within our breasts ; which, trembling, seems

T' invoke a doom where all pangs cease,
And lull the heart in endless peace.
Who has not known their spirit driven
To hope in vain for help from heaven,
When thoughts assume a wild despair
Beneath the burden it doth bear?
Man is but mortal ; and his frail,
Impotent will can ill avail
Against the phalanx led by Fate
To crown with scorn ill-cherished hate.
The mind is beautiful when peace
Decks it in joy's light gen'rous fleece ;
So soft and yielding, yet so calm,
That passiveness is the great charm
Which bids the shafts of life pass by,
And, harmless, 'neath our footsteps lie.
But when 'tis ruffled by life's storm,
Quick it assumes another form,
And, like the furious, crested wave—
That yet unsated ocean grave—
It rages wild, fond hope defies,
And dares to brave the battling skies
Until, its wrath and terror's o'er,
The sea is calmer than before.
Such is man's fleeting, chequered life ;
One scene of dark, impending strife,
Of furious passions, which control—
All—save man's co-eternal soul—
And to our joys becomes a sprite,
To rob it of its pure delight.
Oh, God be praised ! His bounteous hand
(When man is struggling on the strand
Of adverse fortune) hath ever given,
To woman, power, the next to heaven,
To love, to cherish, and to save
Man from deep sorrow's early grave.
She is the star that guides life's barque
O'er threatening seas, when hope is dark ;
She, faithful ever, is the guide
God gave to earth to check its pride,

To crown man's days with holy peace,
 Till life, and love, and pain shall cease.
 Ah ! why is all so darkly clad ?
 Why is my heart so cold and sad
 When thou art absent ? Yet one glance
 Of thy soft eyes would quick entrance
 My soul with bliss, and chase away
 All thoughts that blight sweet rapture's stay.
 When thou art *coming* it is *Spring*,
 And joy is fluttering on love's wing ;
 When thou art to my *bosom prest*,
 'Tis glowing *Summer*, bright and blest ;
 When time it wanes, and shades of gloom
 Of parting tell, 'tis *Autumn's* bloom ;
 But when stern Fate it bids us part,
 'Tis *Winter's* blast that blights my heart !

LINES

Suggested by —— opinion that "Je vous tromp."

AH ! can you, my loved one, once fancy that guile
 Ever breathes in my kisses, or lives in my smile ?
 Can you doubt that my tongue, in its language, belie
 That affection which still thou may'st read in my eyes ?
 Ah, no, dearest ! the world's base opinion I scorn,
 And my bosom it feels not the sting of its thorn.
 My soul's idol, I love thee ! and ever believe
 The heart that loves truly can never deceive !

Can the vows I have made thee dissolve into air ?
 Or my features but falsely pourtray my despair ?
 Can my sighs which have heaved as my heart it would break
 Be assumed but to win thee, then basely forsake ?
 Or e'en seek to impress thy pure soul that I love,
 By false vows, ever witnessed by God from above ?
 Though thy heart o'er its suff'rings is doomed yet to grieve,
 The heart that loves truly can never deceive !

What is life without thee? What is joy to my breast?
 If it blesses not thee, it can ne'er make me blest.
 What is wealth, fame, or honour?—a truth-blighting name,
 If my heart in all seasons it loved not the same.
 He who knows every heart knows the truth, love, of mine;
 He is witness it seeks but an union with thine.
 Let the world thy pure bosom, of faith, ne'er bereave;
 The heart that loves truly can never deceive!

Day by day I adore thee, and, ever by night,
 In my sleep thou art present, most spotless and bright;
 Not a thought hath my heart unconnected with thee;
 Not a wish that 's not thine, 'midst cold adversity.
 If my love were but faithless, how dark were the guile
 That can cover such falsehood and gild every wile!
 Ah, no, cherish my truth and, on earth, ne'er believe
 That my heart, which loves truly, can ever deceive!

 STANZAS.

Oh, how I love at evening tide
 To watch the sun's decline;
 When gorgeous clouds on azure ride,
 And earth looks most divine.
 Yet not His glories glad my heart,
 Whilst thou, my love, art doomed apart
 From me to watch the gems that lie
 Embosom'd in the God-lit sky.

Oh, how I love, when night hath thrown
 Her veil o'er earth and air,
 To gaze upon the starry zone,
 So calm beyond compare.
 Yet little joy my bosom feels,
 Whilst thine by sighs its grief reveals;
 Nor heaven or earth can yield me rest,
 Whilst thou art sever'd from my breast.

Oh, how I love the mellow light
That from the stars doth shoot,
When heaven's arc is calm and bright,
And man's harsh voice is mute.
Yet little can my soul enjoy
So blest a scene—life's dark alloy
Is mingled with my love for thee,
And steeps my heart in misery.

Oh, how I love the golden streaks
That usher forth the day,
Which of young hopes in brightness speaks,
That soon shall fade away.
But, ah ! in vain the sun doth shine,
If thy warm heart beats not to mine ;
Life may rejoice, whilst love but knows
Sad separation's ceaseless throes.

But could I share such joys with thee,
And blend my soul with thine ;
Ah ! could thy bosom's purity
Impart its charms to mine ;
Oh ! then my soul would be content,
And ev'ry trial from heaven sent
To test our faith, would gladly be
Responded to by love and thee.

All earth may revel in the light
That heaven sheds divine,
And nature's glories far more bright
Round the fond heart entwine ;
But whilst my sad breast throbs with love,
No hope of earth, or of above,
Canst give peace to my lonely heart,
Whilst thus we're doomed to dwell apart.

LOVE'S NATAL OFFERING.

To thee, my beautiful, my heart is bound
 For evermore, whilst life and love endures ;
 Bath'd in a world of spotless bliss profound,
 Which in its truth our future joy assures.
 Yet, in the mem'ry of so blest a day,
 Whose happy recollections far outweigh
 All else of earth, how grateful is my soul
 To feel, that whilst our spirits here sojourn,
 So bright a blessing lives to cheer that goal
 We all are pilgrims to, ne'er to return.

On this, my soul's fond idol's natal day,
 My own Louise, oh ! let my warm heart speak
 How true it loves—whilst quick'ning thoughts obey
 Its throbbing impulse, which oft down my cheek
 Hath urged the tear-drops when my soul dismayed
 Seemed from itself to shrink, as if afraid
 Its dearest hopes might rebel 'gainst the spell
 Which hangs o'er all that binds my heart to thee—
 And in their wail of mis'ry, darkly tell
 How changed is all that once shone bright o'er me.

I cannot wish thee happier now, than when
 I last poured forth my soul in faithful praise ;
 Yet thou art more at peace, my life, for then
 Despair's wild horrors clouded our bright days.
 May peace and health on earth be ever thine,
 And tranquil rapture on thee ever shine !
 May bliss eternal crown thy earthly joys,
 Thy days glide on in sweet and calm delight ;
 And thoughts, whose recollection but destroys
 Thy present calm, be set in endless night !

Thrice happy be the hour that gave thee life,
 And bid thee tread its strange, eventful stage—
 Where hapless mortals sink beneath the strife
 That smiles to desecrate each fruitful age.
 Would that the wishes of my anxious heart
 Could yield reality, and ease the smart

Of hopes deferr'd, of bliss expectant, doom'd
To pine and wither 'midst the storms of earth ;
Alas ! too oft they cease not, till entomb'd :
Whose ending fails to justify their birth.

Thrice happy be the hour that made thee mine,
My soul's belov'd, my heart's adored, my own !
That soul, that heart, till death in love is thine,
It throbs, it pants for thee in truth alone.
On such a day as this I deeply feel
Thy chast'ning influence sweetly o'er me steal,
Each moment crowds upon the past with fears
Of coming happiness unmixed with pain,
Of ceaseless joy to gild our future years,
And bring back peace to glad our hearts again.

Dare I not hope that such another day
As this—thine own—shall never come again
Save to behold *the* WIFE's resistless sway,
That banishes from heart and soul all pain ?
My peerless girl, accept my fervent praise
To God and thee ; may He soon bless thy days
In love's sweet bondage such as angels know,
While calm content thy every hope inspires ;
And when death strikes, smile fearless at the blow
That consummates our spirit's fond desires.

God's blessing be upon thee ! and may peace
Diffuse its charms throughout thy spotless breast ;
May happiness each day by day increase,
And steep thy fears in calm and blissful rest.
My soul adores thee, and my earnest prayer
Ascends to heaven—may its bright hopes there
Meet mercy at His hand ; so that thy woes
May soon be hush'd in angels' silver voice,
That life may glorify Him at its close,
And earth and heaven o'er thy truth rejoice.

TRUE LOVE.

TRUE love ! what charms are in that sound,
 Which fills the soul with joy ;
 Making an Eden, man around,
 Nought earthly can destroy.
 It gives to life a fire that glows
 Most pure while truth endures ;
 It watches o'er its darkling close,
 And future bliss assures.

I've watch'd the stars at evening glide
 In glory through the skies ;
 I've watch'd an angel girl beside,
 Whose soul beam'd from her eyes.
 But what are heaven's stars to me,
 Or all that shines above,
 If thy fond heart, in purity,
 Beat not for me with love ?

I covet not an empire's rule,
 Nor earthly power which dies ;
 Nor friendship, that perchance may cool
 When age youth's place supplies.
 Ah ! no ; true love is now my pride,
 Made pure and blest by thee ;
 Thou still art mine, though earth hath tried
 To turn thy heart from me.

My angel girl, my soul adores
 So bright a gem as thou ;
 And in our warm heart's inmost cores,
 Love ever dwells as now.
 Thy truth's my world, thy love the shrine
 Before which lies my heart ;
 My soul is intertwin'd with thine,
 Till life and love depart.

I pine for that most sacred tie,
 Which blends our hearts in one—
 And whilst we pain and woe defy,
 Whispers “ Thy will be done.”

What bliss, my beautiful, to know
 Not fate itself can blight
 God's edicts, consummate below,
 Beneath His holy light.

Whatever fortune shines on me,
 I cannot fonder love ;
 Heart, soul, and life are bound to thee
 On earth—in heav'n above.
 True love is not a summer's day,
 Whose last beams gild the west ;
 Its charms on earth but fade away,
 To find in heaven rest.

STANZAS.

THERE is a dream whose visions bright,
 With sunny joy yet glows ;
 Imprinting on each form delight,
 And banishing our woes.
 It lives, as if reality
 Awaited but the touch
 Of magic hand to set it free
 From earth's debasing clutch.

I scarce dare hope such bliss be mine,
 As oft my thoughts declare—
 Which in blest fancy paints the shrine
 Where all is bright and fair.
 But hope will die, if adverse fate
 Long trifles with its power ;
 Oh ! bitter are the thoughts that wait
 Upon hope's last dark hour.

Hope has its limits circumscrib'd,
 Beyond it all is lost ;
 And all the young heart hath imbib'd
 Of joy, is darkly cross'd.

The die is cast and all is o'er,
Life's pangs are hard to bear ;
When hope hath perish'd, nothing more
Is left but black despair.

O ! love's a star that cheers the breast
When hope is waning fast,
When life is dark and sore distress,
And all of peace hath past.
How fondly clings the aching heart
To all its treasures dear !
Cold death alone can dare to part
Souls that doth love sincere.

Love cannot err—its truth protects
Its passion from all harm ;
And every thought its faith perfects
To make complete the charm.
It soothes, it cherishes, and cheers
The bosom when in pain ;
And dries the current of those tears,
Which flow, alas ! in vain.

O, Woman ! who can thus inspire
Such pure and holy love ;
Can purify each warm desire,
And fix them on above.
How feeble is the fondest praise
Man e'er can render thee ;
Whose truth endures not but as days,
But for eternity.

STANZAS.

I WOULD not have thy bosom sad,
Nor feel one pang of woe,
But with pure joys thy heart make glad,
More bless'd than mortals know.

I would not have a tear bedew
Thy cheek, nor aught of pain
Thy path with bitter sorrows strew,
Nor pine for peace again.

Alas ! how seldom can the heart
Accomplish its desire :
Hope dawns in darkness, to depart
Ere life and truth expire.
What reck's it if all earth were bright,
Whilst thou'rt with grief opprest ?
Where dwells that pure ethereal light
That gives to sorrow rest ?

In moments clouded by the storm
That blights our dearest peace,
Thou e'er appear'st in angel's form
To nurture hope's increase.
A beacon light thou'rt to my soul,
Unchanging and sincere,
To give safe conduct to that goal,
Where souls have nought to fear.

How blest 'twould be to feel the end
Of anguish had arriv'd ;
When joy and peace shall sweetly blend,
No more to be short-liv'd.
Hope on, hope ever ! is the prayer
That cheers my lonely hours,
Life hath its thorns the heart must wear,
As well as its sweet flowers.

Darkly I wander 'midst the gloom
That dims my hopes of joy,
Impell'd to meet life's piteous doom,
Which hovers to destroy.
Ill-starr'd, ill-destin'd, hope yet lives
To guide our hapless way,
And to each wish a lustre gives,
Bright as a summer's day.

The bow reflected in the skies
 When storms cloud nature's face,
 Assures man, through his sinful eyes,
 Of God's all-bounteous grace.
 O, may it be to us a beam
 Direct from heav'n above,
 Our souls from evil to redeem,
 And consecrate our love.

STANZAS.

LOVE is the dew that pure descends
 From heaven, the fond heart embalming ;
 With every thought and hope it blends,
 Life's darkling storms in peace becalming ;
 It gives unto the aching breast
 A talisman to soothe its sorrow,
 And points the soul to where sweet rest
 Awaits eternity to-morrow.

Love is from God : it glads the race
 With which this globe is wildly teeming ;
 Love reigns throughout vast heaven's space,
 Where truth and bliss are ever beaming.
 To love and be beloved, is but
 The heart to God in truth appealing,
 Without which heaven's gates are shut,
 No longer hope and truth revealing.

Love is the soul's unerring guide,
 A star to all in Him believing ;
 An angel, ever at man's side
 To shield him from the world's deceiving.
 Where love exists truth ever dwells—
 Blest twins who owe their birth to heaven !
 While Mercy weaves her fadeless spells
 To crown the soul blest and forgiven.

Love is not art : it is a charm,
 A principle of faith undying,
 That can the breast of sin disarm,
 And smile while angry death defying.
 What gem, what charm, what magic power
 Can conquer love, 'gainst God rebelling ?
 It glads our first and latest hour,
 And welcomes us to our last dwelling.

Were love an impulse some hath taught,
 A passion only of transition,
 The love of mortals would be nought,
 And grace an empty vain tradition.
 But, God be praised ! it is not so.
 Philosophers make grievous blunders
 Who make the head supreme below,
 Nor heed the mind's appalling thunders.

Love is from God, and God is Love !
 The universe may sink and perish,
 It matters not ; for truth above
 Eternal reigns the soul to cherish.
 Love on, love ever ! May our hearts
 By love and faith be there forgiven ;
 That when day, night, and life departs,
 Our souls may dwell in love, in heaven

STANZAS.

Ah ! love, it is a stormy sea on which the heart doth ride,
 Encompass'd by dark reefs to wreck it in its sunniest pride ;
 Its anchor, hope, is cast in vain its onward rush to stay ;
 It recks not, heeds not, but is borne from hope and joy away

Ah ! who is there that fondly loves cannot in sorrow tell
 How fearfully it weaves around the heart its fadeless spell !
 It ebbs and flows with transient joy as wild it dashes on,
 Till all of hope and life and peace is vanished and gone.

It fills the breast with happy thoughts, that ne'er shall know their bloom ;

It cheers the soul, to light it on to fate's resistless doom ;

It bids us sleep to dream of bliss—alas ! too soon to wake—

To view the wreck of treasured hopes that follow in love's wake.

It warms the bosom with a fire earth's storms too quickly cools,

And dooms to pain desire's buds while yet its empire rules.

Then what is love, or life, or aught that earth can boast of here ?

Alas ! the end of all things is a lonely, bitter tear !

Who is there that hath given thought to man's sad path of woe,

But feels despair and hopeless aid within his bosom glow ?

And should he dare to question if "whatever is, is right,"

The sceptic world denies unto his soul pure reason's light.

But ere they callously condemn and censure every thought,

Let them convince the stricken mind that doubt is deeply fraught

With woe eternal to that soul who now but lives to doubt

The truth of all things, until Fate puts life's lamp kindly out.

STANZAS.

My own beloved ! how anxiously my heart

Dwells on that moment which alone can bless

My fervent soul, and soothe the bitter smart

That racks my bosom with dark woe's excess !

Ah ! how I count the hours that yet must roll,

Ere life is crowned with bliss and sunny joys ;

Heart unto heart, and soul to glowing soul,

We, panting, hope for peace without alloy.

Yet who shall guarantee to mortals here

The blossoming of half their buds of hope ?

Who can avert the hot and gushing tear

That vainly struggles with its griefs to cope ?

Alas ! we sing of peace, of joy, and bliss,

As if their flowers ever strewn our path ;

Ah ! who hath waked not from love's soul-wrapped kiss

To bend beneath the storm of life's fierce wrath.

My dearest girl ! how sad it seems to love,
 To cherish that affection which must die,
 Perhaps, without such union as can prove
 The heart that loves, from love can never fly.
 We sow in sunshine, but we reap in gloom ;
 A change comes o'er life's Eden, and love's star,
 That glowed illusive, fades, ere Fate's sad doom
 Erects between our hearts a hopeless bar.

Ah ! do we not, for earth, love far too well ?
 Affection such as ours soars far above
 This sin-bound earth ; while, o'er us, hangs a spell
 To wreck our argosy of faithful love.
 If I demur against Fate's harsh decree,
 O, think upon the anguish I endure !
 Life, love, and peace are mine, save but with thee,
 Without whom, death alone can work my cure.

STANZAS.

COME, gentle peace, to cheer my drooping breast ;
 I'll woo thee with entreaty, that shall yield
 A world of charms, to make thy gifts more blest,
 And cast before thee truth's impervious shield.
 Nay, shun me not ; I have a tender suit
 That ill can brook denial ; if no claim
 My merits win, yet bless her with the fruit
 Of faithful love, and deck with bliss HER NAME.

If years of sorrow claim from thee reward ;
 If joyless days and nights of bitter pain
 Can win from thee a look or soothing word ;
 Then may we hope for sunny joy again.
 One plea I urge—for *one* my soul holds dear
 Beyond all else of earth, or heaven above ;
 On HER bestow thy smiles, and dry the tear
 That silent mourns o'er disappointed love.

Strain not the fibres of our bursting hearts
Beyond all hope to bring them back to joy ;
Hope dies, if lingering sorrow not departs ;
But longer tarries, that it may destroy.
Hope is the food of love, the soul's bright star
That shines amidst adversity's dark gloom ;
It shows the phalanx of Fate's wrath afar,
And lights us onward to th' impending doom.

One lovely flower, treasured in my soul,
Blooms on unblighted 'mid life's storms of woe
That chains each feeling by their wild control,
And shuts us out from peace and joy below.
What is the heart without the lamp of love
To shed around it calm and pure delight ?
Is happiness found but in heaven above ?
Has earth no charm to make its pathways bright ?

Alas ! for all who love ; one common fate
Attends their footsteps, and their dreams of bliss
Evanish when their heart is most elate,
And hangs enraptured o'er love's last long kiss.
'Tis then the die is cast ; the game is won
And lost ; the victim's doom is firmly sealed ;
The race of love, of joy, of hope is run ;
And woe, in all its terrors, stands revealed.

Ah ! who can live for love, yet feed on hope ?
How empty seem its visions once so fair ;
No wonder man becomes a misanthrope,
And drowns in hatred his lost heart's despair.
Were love a passion, one that quickly dies
Beneath enjoyment far too bright to last,
No home 'twould merit 'bove the azure skies,
Secure from earth's all-potent, chilling blast.

My soul's fond idol ! love is now the stake
Upon which every hope of joy is set ;
Whate'er my faults, my heart can ne'er forsake
My peerless gem, nor e'er on earth forget.

Whatever ill or joy may yet betide,
 My heart is vowed in changeless love to thee ;
 It is my hope, my life, my only pride,
 E'en now as ever, faithful, pure, and free.

STANZAS.

CAN Hope yet allure me,
 While round me Fate coils
 Its harsh chain, and with glee
 My heart of *thee* despoils ?
 Ah ! e'en yet, love, it weaves
 Its fond spell round my soul,
 Which with trembling believes
 It may brave its control.

Oh, my angel of love !
 Of all that can bless
 My sad heart, and thus prove
 Love can never grow less,
 How my bosom now beats
 With hope, love, and cold fear,
 While before me retreats
 Joy, to mock love's hot tear.

Yet I fear me 'tis wrong
 To encourage such dreams ;
 Victory crowns not the strong,
 Joy dwells not in love's beams !
 Still I'll cherish the fire.
 Though it wither my heart,
 And consumes each desire
 That blossoms apart.

I will hope yet for all
 That can make me most blest,
 Though in hope lies my fall,
 In that fall will be rest.

From this cold world I turn,
 From its falsehood I flee,
 And its promises spurn,
 For my hope is on THEE.

On, still onward I go—
 Like the “doomed one” of yore
 In my track follows woe,
 On my head griefs fast pour.
 Yet one ray of delight
 Soon can banish my fears,
 For *thy eyes* smiling light
 Quickly dries up my tears.

Ah, my angel of love !
 Thou to me art a guide
 That shall lead me above
 In faith's perishless pride :
 And whilst struggling 'gainst fate,
 Hoping, panting for bliss,
 May my faith, ere too late,
 Be firm sealed by THY KISS !

STANZAS.

COULD my heart e'er love coldly,
 My soul cease to burn
 With that flame which so boldly
 Fate's venom doth spurn ;
 Were my love not undying,
 Unchanging and pure,
 What avails the heart's sighing,
 If love fails to endure ?

Can affection be blighted
 By shadows of woe ?
 Can the vows, fondly plighted,
 Be broken below ?

No, my angel ; unchanging
My soul clings to thine.
Ah, fear nought love estranging
Whilst thy pure heart 's mine.

Far from thee, sad and lonely,
I mourn o'er my love ;
Thy sweet smile, love, can only
My breast with joy move.
Day is gloomful, night cheerless.
Without thy soul's light ;
But with thee, my gem peerless,
All earth would be bright.

Happy moment, that leaves us
To revel in peace,
When no fate can bereave us
Of joy's sweet increase !
Happy mortals ! our wooing
Shall cease but with life ;
For my heart, ever sueing,
Will defy all of strife.

Think not, love, that I lightly
Do promise ; my soul
In its truth throbs yet brightly,
Ever true to love's pole.
Love with us is not passion,
Which mortals but know
As a foible or fashion,
Known only below.

Should stern fate, unrelenting,
Deny us the seal
Which alone is preventing
Our union, our weal ;
Still, 'midst every sorrow
That strews our dark way,
May eternity's morrow
Make all-joyous day.

STANZAS.

WHO can love and be happy, apart from the shrine
 Where its idol sheds forth its pure beams ?
 What are all heaven's stars, if ONE star does not shine
 Round my heart, 'mid affection's sweet gleams ?
 Through each cave of my soul with the fervour of truth—
 Love undying, most vividly glows ;
 What to me are the dreams of my expectant youth,
 While my bosom but deep sorrow knows ?

Who can love, and not pant for the moment that sheds
 Boundless joy round each hope, bliss and fear ?
 Who that views the bright future Hope wantonly spreads,
 But, in madness, soon mourns o'er love's bier ?
 Brightest visions soon fade, and the gayest of hearts
 Are the soonest deep stricken with grief ;
 And that dark destiny which, to life, death imparts
 By its poison, denies us relief.

Who can love and be loved, be content with the thought
 That ONE heart holds our heart ever dear ?
 Can the faith of love's constancy, with sorrow fraught,
 Calm its pangs, or for aye dry its tear.
 No, my angel of love, of my life, of my soul !
 Life without thee 's bereft of its light ;
 And by instinct alone, man attains to that goal
 Where his hopes set in black, ceaseless light.

I have loved thee in sunshine, have loved thee in gloom,
 And still love thee, my idol, the same !
 And though lonely my heart be, though sad be my doom,
 Yet in death will I cherish thy name.
 Were our hearts but united, I fain then could die,
 Lest a cold world should rob me of thee ;
 And our spirits together to heaven should fly—
 To love, dearest, for eternity.

STANZAS.

MY soul is sad, love, whilst dark Fate
 Dooms me from thee to part ;
 My bosom, lone and desolate,
 Betrays my aching heart.
 My soul is sad, love, whilst away
 From *me* my angel dwells ;
 And nought can banish the dismay
 That Fate weaves in its spells.

My soul is sad, love ; not a thought
 Of joy now swells my breast ;
 This life, this world, are things of nought
 Unless with *thee* I'm blest.
 What art can wash away our grief?
 What charm bid mem'ry cease ?
 In *thee*, love, only lies relief,
 With thee alone there's peace.

Night veils each day, but still my woes
 In bitterness yet hang
 Upon my soul, as if its close
 Alone could hush each pang.
 In vain I paint, in visions sweet,
 The happiness we've known,
 And fancy we again shall meet,
 To part in death alone.

E'en to the last my heart awaits
 Hopes, which but bloom to die ;
 And bygone bliss ill compensates
 For pangs that hope defy.
 No consolation can I find
 My mournful heart to cheer,
 Without the lustre of thy mind
 To make love's mist most clear.

If all we've felt of life's dark pains
 Be but the secret test
 To prove our truth, my soul disdains
 All that makes not me blest.
 My heart is obdurate and steeled
 Against the petty arts
 Which still wage war, and scorns to yield,
 When 'tis a war of hearts.

My soul is sad, love, whilst from thee
 Apart, I lonely pine ;
 Ours is an ill-starred destiny
 Which stays thy heart from mine.
 One glance of thy beloved, bright eye,
 One smile of former years,
 Would make it more than bliss to die,
 Triumphant o'er life's fears.

 STANZAS.

My dearest girl, do not regret that we are doomed to breathe
 The breath of life apart from love, whilst truth our hearts
 enwreathes ;
 For what is life, and joy and hope, when Fate's ordeal is past ?
 Mere transient visions that o'ershade our souls unto the last !

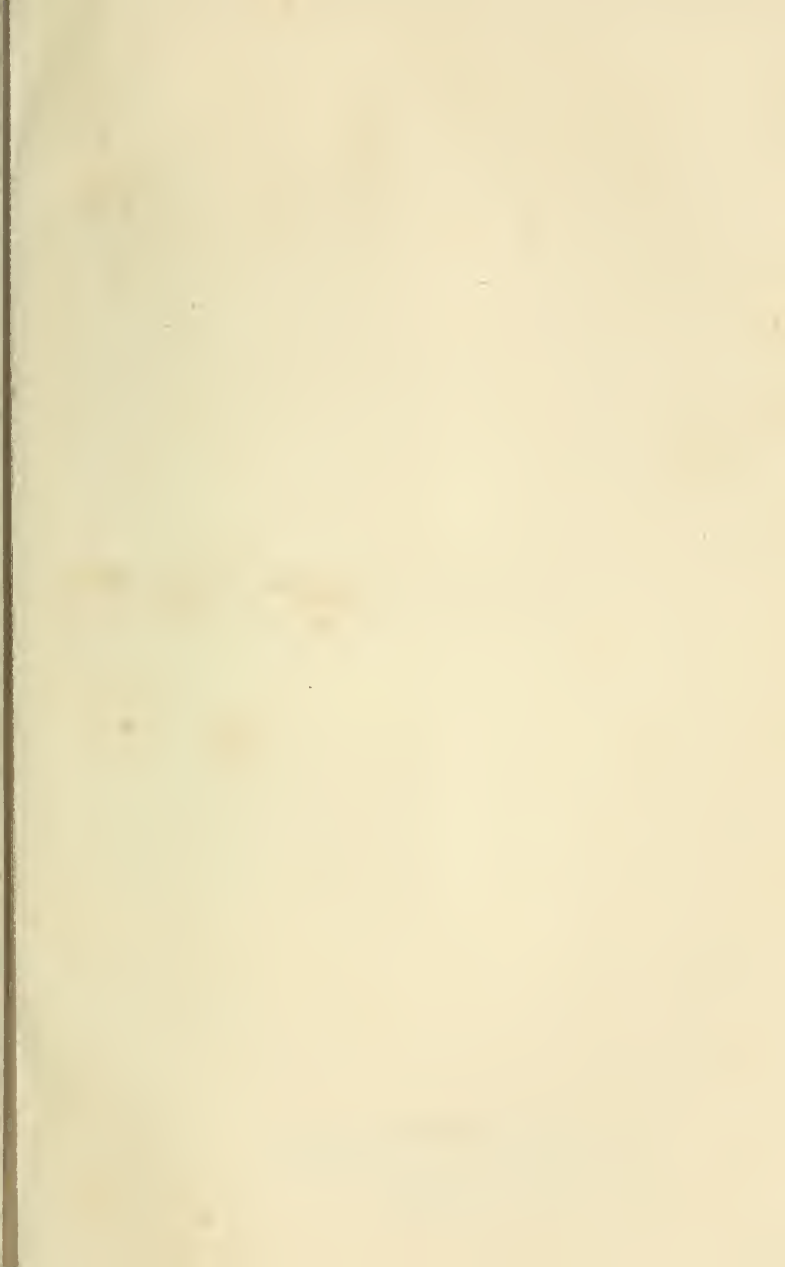
Life has its seasons, and the heart its spring and summer knows,
 Which quickly fades to yield its winter joy at summer's close ;
 No autumn charms it, but *one step* from sunny joys to gloom,
 Leads it at once to winter's chill and life's last thrilling doom.

Love is too pure for aught of earth, and but in heaven above
 'Mid angel throngs should it be known, for *God Himself is Love* ;
 And ill adapted is its truth for mortal's guileful heart,
 Which bends the knee to Mammon's shrine, from love and God
 apart.

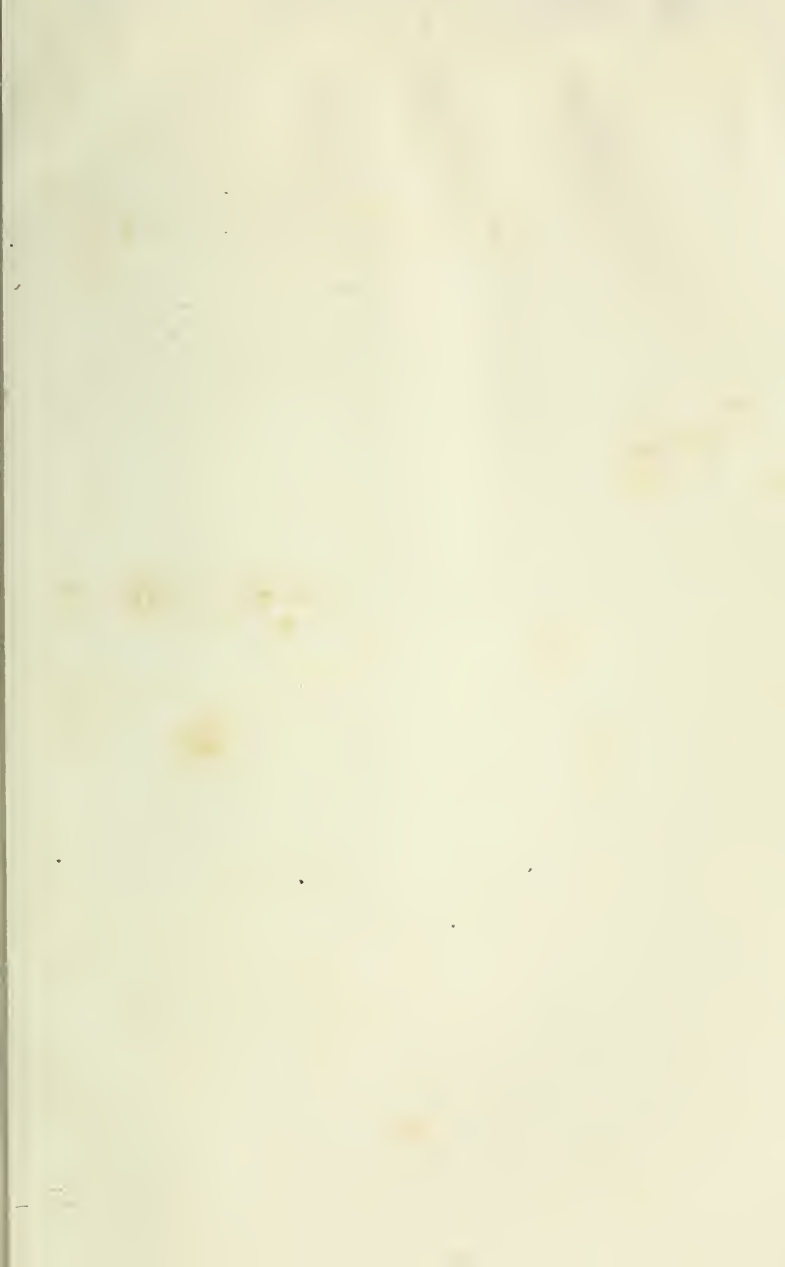
Love, such as warms the worldly breast, should bear another name
Far more expressive of its truth, yet not belie its fame ;
For love, *which should enshrine the soul* and not dwell in the flesh,
All fancy such is theirs, whilst blindly struggling through life's mesh.

My soul's fond idol ! had we loved as human beings love,
We had not sorrowed thus for years ; but by *one action* prove
How little of the spirit blended with our passions' flame,
And wed, as mortals blindly wed,—despite of sin and shame.

My own ! however vain the boast, my soul vows it sincere ;
My *spirit loves thee* as the flesh could never half so dear ;
And should we be denied on earth, that seal which makes us one
With life's last breath our souls shall glorify "THY WILL BE DONE



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